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CARMENCITA

THE PEARL OF SEVILLE.

ILLUSTRATED.

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CARMENCITA

THE PEARL OF SEVILLE

BY

PROFESSOR JAMES RAMIREZ

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O child of Genius, with thy wondrous power
To sway men's hearts as wind-blown flower,
Who can portray, or what expressions tell
The witcheries that in thy lithe form dwell?

—Fanny May Ramirez.

How I love, my languid girl,
  Your voluptuous motion ;
Flashing as a star might swirl
  'Cross the starry ocean.

There is music's sweetest rhyme
  In your swaying roll,
Like a serpent keeping time
  On a balanced pole.

When your head bows 'neath the burden
  Of its sweet *idlesse*,
Every motion seems a guerdon
  Of a soft caress.

And your body sways and fails
  As a vessel might,
When its full-blown snowy sails
  Touch the breakers white.

—Baudelaire.

When you dance, I would you were a wave of the sea,
That you might dance forever.

—Shakespeare.

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CARMENCITA

THE PEARL OF SEVILLE.

CHAPTER I.

CARMENCITA.

"Have you seen Carmencita?"

The speaker was the Marquis de Loubens, and the person he addressed was his most intimate friend, the Viscount Armand de Sallauness, who had but a week before returned from abroad and whose statuesque proportions of form and fair, handsome, patrician face were the admiration of all the fair sex of Paris.

"No; I have not yet had that doubtful

pleasure," replied Armand, while he toyed with the tassels of his smoking gown and puffed at his fragrant Havana.

"Ye gods! hear the man talk," ejaculated the Marquis, lifting his eyes heavenward. "He has been in Paris a whole week and has not seen the charming, the fascinating Carmencita who is the craze of Paris. And, Oh! ye gods! how in fancy I can see you laughing when you hear him call it a *doubtful pleasure* to see her."

"And pray, what may this divine creature be like?" inquired Armand banteringly, with a half indolent, half sarcastic smile flitting across his lips, "that she makes even the *blasé* Marquis de Loubens grow enthusiastic, when I have often heard him declare that no woman now possessed the power to charm him?"

"Ah!" returned the Marquis with the most expressive of glances and gestures,

"but, when I said that, I had not yet seen Carmencita."

"You ask me what she is like?" he continued after a brief silence, while he dreamily watched the perfumed rings of smoke that floated from his cigar grow thin and vanish in the air, "Blame me not if words fail me when I attempt to answer you."

"She is," he continued, "the most lovely and graceful woman, I think, that God has ever created, for she has a face whose complexion seems made out of magnolia and rose leaves; her eyes are dark as midnight with the most brilliant of starry gleams shooting through them, or as one of her numerous admirers has more originally decribed them, 'like deep, dark pools whose flashing ripples when put in motion make the head swim'; her forehead is low like the antique foreheads, but full and perfect in form and united

with a nose as finely chiseled as a cameo, and her lips are like pouting rosebuds and full of unbridled voluptuousness that discloses, when she smiles, two rows of the most even and pearly teeth, while her luxuriant hair that frames all is as black as the raven's wing."

"And in addition to all these charms," he went on, "she has a form—but there, I'm done for. My rhetoric fails me, for no words of mine can describe the grace and witcheries of that, and I can only say what I have heard artists and sculptors declare, that she looks when she glides upon the stage like some goddess who has come down from her pedestal, and expresses in her every movement the incarnation of the poetry of motion, the rhythm of music, and the beauty of plastic and painted art."

"I will confess, Marquis," said Armand, now thoroughly interested, "that you

have excited my curiosity to see this divinity who makes men's hearts mad with love and has evidently numbered you among her victims, and if you have no other engagement, I will accompany you to-night to the ——— Theatre where she is at present appearing."

"You will never regret it, old boy," enthusiastically and smilingly declared the Marquis, "for it will mark a most eventful epoch in the history of your lifetime, for to quote at random what the press says of her; 'no dancer like her has ever been seen on any stage, for her dancing is so original and individual that she consigns even Taglioni to the shades of oblivion. Her performance is made up of every quality the human body is capable of expressing, and only a Theophile Gautier might paint a picture of the maddening fire and fury, the voluptuousness and grace, and audacity of her dance.'"

"Indeed, he might well write of it as he did the dancing of Cleopatra when she danced before one of her lovers who died of love for her—heart consuming love. Sensual pleasure, burning passion, youth inexhaustible and ever fresh—the promise of bliss to come—she expresses all."

"And with all, I can assure you, Armand, that there is nothing of the cheap flashing inartistic motions indulged in by her as of ordinary ballet dancers, and she must be seen to be appreciated, for she goes far beyond the most extravagant ideas which may be formed in advance of her terpsichorean achievements."

"The saints be praised then," devoutly exclaimed Armand, when at last the Marquis concluded his enthusiastic description, panting for breath, "that I am going to see her."

"But, 'pon my soul, Marquis," he added laughingly, "I must say that your elo-

quence has completely overwhelmed me, for I have never given you credit before for possessing such a Cicero-like gift, and—"

"But, be warned in time, Armand," interrupted the Marquis, who had recovered his breath again, "for Carmencita, although enjoying flattery, as is as natural for a lovely woman to do as for the flowers to enjoy the dew and sunlight, is not like other footlight favorites who have danced their way into hearts before her, for she is impervious to its honeyed tongue, and none of the pretty baubles which the young swells and *blasés* bald-headed *roués* nightly shower upon her has proved to win from her in exchange her virtue, that priceless jewel of womanhood."

"And," he continued, "as far as the grand and mighty passion the world calls love is concerned, she has but the sleeping heart and soul of a little child, and

the only master to which she owes allegiance is her art. That she considers to be ennobling and inspiring, while she simply longs, when her task of winning fresh plaudits and laurels is over, to return to her own native country, and there beneath its sunny skies and amid its stately palaces and sparkling fountains, accompanied by the dreamy music of the mandolin and guitar, and clicking of castanets, dance solely for her own amusement and that of her family and most intimate friends."

CHAPTER II.

THE DANCE.

"Frail as fair," was the verdict that Armand's hitherto easy conquests had made him pass upon the opposite sex, and it was a new experience for him to hear of a poor and beautiful *danseuse* whose character, like that of Cæsar's wife, was above reproach.

And he was secretly piqued after hearing the story of Carmencita's unapproachable purity, and mentally determined that he, if no other had, would storm the hitherto impenetrable fortress, and make her cold heart thrill and melt before the warmth and power of his love.

He made a most elaborate toilet for the theatre that evening, and, with his heart wildly beating with curiosity and excitement, went forth with the determination to conquer or die in the attempt.

When the hour for the performance had arrived and the Marquis and Armand had taken the seats assigned them, after consulting his programme and glancing about him, Armand turned to his friend and said:

"The house is well crowded to-night."

"It is no marvel," answered the Marquis, "when Carmencita is on the bill, for such talents and beauty, and above all, such magnetism as she possesses cannot fail to draw.'

When at last the curtain was rung up and the orchestra burst into the opening crash of music, Armand could scarcely control his impatience while waiting until the other performers, who were on the bill

before her, had performed their parts and Carmencita would appear.

But all time has an end, and at last it came—the moment for which he had so eagerly waited. The band suddenly broke into a quick Spanish movement that seemed fraught with passion and sunshine and a shower of bouquets fell upon the stage, while there came a burst of such loud applause from the crowded audience that the theatre rocked and trembled as if in the throes of an earthquake.

A lithe, agile figure had glided upon the stage, clad in a gorgeous costume of pink silk and black lace that was embroidered with gold and decorated with coins, and the skirt of which was just short enough to reveal the exquisitely formed ankles and the dainty satin slippers with their high heels like miniature stilts.

It was Carmencita.

For a moment she lingered with her

head poised backward and only her toes touching the stage, as some glorious crimson rose does before it gracefully sways upon the summer breeze, and then, lifting one dainty foot, she began her dance that could only be described as a complete set of movements made up of crouchings and springs, serpentine curves, contortions, gyrations, evolutions, convolutions, whirlings and twirlings, so that the dancer appeared in the height of its delirium on the point of going to pieces.

The fires of passion within her showed through every undulation of her perfect body as in her brightly blazing eyes, and after each voluptuous and sinuous movement she turned a dazzling but enigmatical smile to the audience, that was at once apologetic and triumphant, inviting and repelling.

It was such a dance with its audacious whirl and swirl, swaying backward and

forward and sidewise, such as might have been danced by the bacchantes who knew how to madden the revellers of old, and before it was ended the men were in a fever, and the women filled with an excitment that made them flush with a natural color beneath the rouge on their faces.

Her constant kaleidoscopic changing of attitudes showed forth the grace of the brilliant quivering of the humming bird, the blowing of flowers in the wind, the rippling of the waves of the sea, the shooting and sparkling of a flame of fire, the waving of banners on the breeze, and depicted every phase of the poetry of motion.

Just as the audience were wondering with dreamy and breathless expectancy what new and eccentric innovation she would show next, she gave a bewildering whirl that revealed a tantalizing glimpse

of the rosy pink of her stockings and the snowy lace of her petticoats. There was a final crash of music, and she gracefully bowed her exit and vanished as suddenly as she had come.

Round after round of thunderous applause burst from the delighted audience, that would not be stilled until she had responded to their encore.

As she stood before them with her beautiful face flushed and her bosom heaving with excitement and exertion, bowing the thanks she had not the breath to utter, and walled in by the floral tributes rained upon her, Armand, Viscount de Sallauness, with his handsome face alternately flushing and paling and his heart thrilling as it had never thrilled before, gazed as one spell-bound upon her for a time.

Then half rising in his seat, when the throwing of the other floral tributes had

ceased, he threw a superb wreath of crimson roses upon the stage.

Carmencita glanced in the direction from whence the wreath came and, seeing the handsome smiling face of the giver, she smiled in return at him, and after the most graceful and bewitching of bows, stooped and picked up the wreath from where it had fallen at her feet and coquettishly placing it as a crown on her beautiful hair, began another dance that made her seem nothing but a flashing, flying, bounding dream, and left one thrilled and shaken and mystified with the power of its effect.

Almost maddened now with excitement, Armand turned to the Marquis and said :

" De Loubens, you know her, you must present me at once, to-night."

The Marquis shrugged his shoulders and with a slow, lazy smile, answered :

" I see you are hard hit, Armand, and

I suppose, if I refuse to grant your wish, you will find some other way of gratifying it. But I suppose the usual *denouement* will follow; the madness of love while it is fresh upon you, then

'A passion grown tired,'

and finally desertion of the object that inspired it, while you worship at some new shrine."

"It will not be the case with Carmencita," ardently returned Armand, "for she is a woman a man could never tire of, and I would be willing, if need be, to make her my countess."

"My! you really are far gone this time, Armand," laughingly declared the Marquis after giving his forehead a significant tap with his finger.

When at last the performance was ended, Armand at once made his way toward the green room accompanied by

the Marquis, who at once presented him to Carmencita.

She had removed her gorgeous dancing costume and was now attired in a plain and sober nun-like dress of deepest black that threw into lustrous relief the ivory-like whiteness of her skin.

Armand possessed all that graceful and courtly gallantry of demeanor which goes so far to win a woman's heart, and as Carmencita acknowledged the introduction to him and felt the burning gaze that he fixed upon her face, while he bowed low over her little white hand, and listened while he conversed with her in the rich musical voice that was one of his greatest charms, it was no marvel that her eyes brightened, the most dazzling of smiles played about her lips, and the rose flush deepened in her face.

Noting this, the heart of Armand thrilled

with triumph, but he carefully concealed his feelings.

Knowing that she could not be won by jewels and other glittering inducements dear to most women's hearts, he adopted a new rôle in the winning of her.

He treated her with the utmost respect, and the flattering speeches that he gallantly whispered to her were as delicate as any he would have offered to a queen.

CHAPTER III.

AT HOME.

From that time Carmencita possessed no more devoted admirer than Armand, Viscount de Sallauness.

As soon as he reached his own exquisitely furnished bachelor apartments with his excitement still strong upon him, he opened the richly leather-bound and gilt-edged diary in which it was his daily custom to chronicle the most important events of his daily life and wrote;

"To-night has indeed been one of the most eventful epochs in the history of my lifetime, as the Marquis declared to me

this afternoon it would be, for I have seen Carmencita—the one woman in the world whom I could truly love and am willing, if need be, to make my Countess."

And after he retired, all night her lovely face and form floated before him in his dreams, alternately whirling before him in the dizzy mazes of her dances, and resting in his arms, while he gratified his secret longing by pressing the most passionate of kisses upon her.

When the morning dawned he rose much earlier than was his wont, and, after his *valet de chambre* had assisted him in making his toilet, he sallied forth to the nearest florist's and purchased a costly basket that he had filled with rare orchids and fringed with maiden hair ferns.

This he directed to be sent to Carmencita, after attaching to it a card bearing his name and compliments.

When this was done, his next act was to

go to the theatre where she was engaged, and purchase seats for himself and the Marquis in advance up to the time when her engagement would end there.

Then he returned to his apartments again, and with feverish impatience watched the hands of the ormolu time-piece in the velvet-draped mantel that seemed hours in moving only seconds, until the hour came when the Marquis had promised to accompany him for a call on Carmencita.

The Marquis came promptly at the hour appointed, and soon Armand had the happiness of again being in the presence of her who had cast such a spell about him with her wondrous grace and loveliness, and feeling the warm, clinging touch of her hand, listening to the sweet tones of her musical voice, and watching the ever-varying beauties of her face, and her graceful movements that were more tire-

less and capricious than those of the pilfering bee.

She was attired in a dress of crimson, trimmed with golden fringe, that was most becoming to her dark beauty, and after greeting the Marquis and Armand with a most ravishing smile, she seated herself in an attitude of the most graceful abandon on a low divan near the latter, making him feel as if he had suddenly been transported to Paradise.

It had often been said of Armand that he ought to go about the world labelled *dangerous*, so far as the opposite sex was concerned, as he had about him an all-compelling persuasiveness that few women could or cared to resist; in addition, he possessed a gift of eloquence that, aided by the rich, musical tones of his voice, completely enthralled the hearts and senses of his hearers, hypnotising them, as it were.

But now, for the first time, his ever-ready

eloquence had suddenly deserted him and he was strangely silent before this queenly star of the footlights, whose presence rose to his brain like the fumes of strong alcohol.

"I bless the lucky star that made me learn to speak Spanish," he at last found courage to say, after he had replied in monosyllables to the remarks she had addressed to him about the weather, and told him how much she had admired the beautiful orchids that he had that morning sent to her.

"For," he added with a most expressive glance, "I would not have liked to be under the disagreeable necessity of speaking to you through an interpreter, as so many of your admirers are."

Just then a ring which she had been slipping off and on her finger suddenly rolled upon the floor, and Armand gracefully went down on his hands and knees and commenced a search for it.

After restoring the ring to her and before he rose, he imprinted a quick, burning kiss on her exquisitely curved instep.

"Don't be so foolish," she said with an imperious tone in her voice, while she stamped her tiny slippered foot, and with a crest-fallen look on his face that was as flushed as if he had been drinking of some strong wine, Armand rose from his knees and again resumed his seat.

At that moment some of her Spanish friends were announced, who had brought with them two boxes of grapes, black Hambras and sea-green Muscats, that were Carmencita's favorite fruit.

Quickly leaving Armand's side, she made her way to the table and began arranging them in the fruit dish in fantastic pyramids to suit her fancy.

Then, while one of the Spaniards played the sprightly air of the fandango on the guitar, she began to dance to its

music, and in a burst of childish gayety to romp about the room throwing first a bunch of black and then a bunch of green grapes over her shoulder, "as an omen of good luck' she declared, until there seemed to be no limit to her noisy and frolicksome gladness.

At last, tired with her exertion she seated herself on the divan at Armand's side again, and as he watched her with all his intense soul looking out of the deep blue gray depths of his eyes and took in every detail of her rare loveliness and graces, he noted that even her panting revealed a new poetry of motion.

Taking up a superb fan lying near her, she coquetted with it as only a Spanish girl can do, while she answered the many questions put to her.

"Señorita Carmencita," said the Marquis de Loubens, suddenly turning to her with a courtly bow, "I wish you would

graciously oblige me by relating for my friend Armand's benefit here, the amusing story I have heard you tell of how you were taken prisoner by the Bandit Chief in Spain when a little girl, while on your way to give the money for masses for the repose of the soul of your uncle's mother-in-law, to the fathers in the church."

Carmencita smiled a rare smile that brought into bewildering play all her dimples, and then began :

"It was while I was living with my uncle and aunt on a little farm near Madrid, and although I was very young, I was big enough to be trusted with money. So my aunt sent me one day with a purse filled with gold for masses to the priests of the Church of the Escurial, which is over the vaults where the dead Kings and Queens of Spain are lying."

"It also contains 7,400 relics, including

the bodies of 7008 saints, twelve dozen whole heads, and three dozen legs and arms. It also had, until it was stolen, the monster gridiron upon which St. Lawrence was roasted, and one of his feet with a piece of coal sticking between the toes. He was the saint, you remember, who bore his martyrdom with such courage that he said to his executioners, "I am done on this side; perhaps you had better turn me over"; whence comes the Spanish proverb, "cooked to a turn."

"I was driving a donkey laden with onions and eggs to be also given to the priests for food, and although I was compelled to pass through a part of the country infested with brigands, I had no fear, but went along merrily, for I thought they did not annoy any except rich travelers."

"But, suddenly, I found myself surrounded by fierce looking men and my

donkey was taken from me, while I was escorted to the presence of the bandit chief, a tall, handsome man in the hidden cave near by that was his home."

"He asked me my name and I tremblingly answered 'Carmen,' and after he had heard it he smiled and said, 'Well, Carmencita, don't be frightened and perhaps I will let you go home soon,' and that was the first time I was ever called Carmencita, which means little Carmen, and I have liked and kept the name ever since."

"Then he asked me for the money for the masses I had hidden in my bodice, and when I asked him how he knew I had it, he only laughed and bade one of his women take it from me."

"I told him not to take it or the vengeance of the saints would be upon him, as it was for holy uses, but although he laughed again, and gave me a cup of

wine, bidding me keep still, I saw that my pleadings were having some effect upon him and other members of the band, for the Spaniards from the highest to the lowest are a truly religious people."

"Meanwhile the band was busily engaged in eating the fresh eggs that had been converted into omelettes, and the crisp onions that my aunt had given me for the use of the fathers, and as I watched them I hoped they would choke them."

"After they had eaten them all, one of their number began playing a mandolin and naturally I began tapping the ground and nodding in time with the music."

"The chief noticed this, and exclaimed, 'Ah, Carmencita, I see you dance,' and then he bade me rise and show them what I could do."

"I prayed to the saints silently for help and I believe that they inspired me, for

I danced so that I soon had all the bandits in ecstacy, while they loudly applauded me and called out, 'Bravisima,'" After dancing for nearly an hour I was ready to give up with exhaustion when the handsome robber chief kindly bade me to stop, and after giving me back my mass money, and taking up a collection for me from his men besides for my dancing, he sent for my donkey and escorted me to a safe road, and, before parting from me, gave me a curiously bent piece of iron that he told me would preserve me from all harm in any part of Spain where his fellow craftsmen were, and I have the piece of iron yet and treasure it as a mascot."

After thanking her for the story, the Marquis and Armand rose to take their departure and although Armand could scarcely bear to tear himself away, he consoled himself with the thought that he

would see her again at the theatre that evening.

After murmuring his adieus to her, he passionately quoted :

> Life in thy presence were a thing to keep,
> A dream through which one would forever sleep.

She smiled one of her slow, wreathing smiles, and while she flashed the light of her golden eyes full into his passion-flushed face, said, "*adios, mal muchaco*," (adieu, bad boy), in her pretty Spanish way, and so he passed out of her rapturous presence.

When he found himself outside, Armand turned to the Marquis and said :

What a wonderful girl or woman she is ! for

> Her beauty is a witch against whose charms
> Ice turneth into fire.

"Yes, indeed, she is a wonderful woman," laughingly answered the Marquis, "and before you spoke, I was thinking

that she might breathe the breath of life into even a man of marble and make him share in her superabundant passion, and that,

> 'When around her black eyes throw
> Loving looks from 'neath their lashes,
> The veriest saint e'er lived below
> To touch her garment's hem, I trow
> Would give his relics and his ashes.'"

CHAPTER IV.

THE HAUNTED CHATEAU.

There was another devoted admirer that Carmencita possessed, and that was the Italian Count Marco Durazzi, who, after beholding her when she first appeared on the stage in the Cervantes Theatre in Spain, had ever lingered as near her as it was possible for him to do, and at last followed her when she left Spain for Paris.

Unlike Armand, the passion he had conceived for her was not mixed with any motives to win her in an honorable way if others failed, for "although she was as beautiful as a dream," he told himself, "and

she thrilled his heart as no other woman had done before her," she was but a poor danseuse, and he, the Count Durazzi, must wed a wealthy wife who could help him to maintain his title in proper style and improve his estates that were sadly in need of repairs.

Like most men of his class he clung to the belief that any woman who danced before the footlights could be won in time by devotion and flattery aided with presents of costly jewels, and promises of a home of luxury where she would live as a very queen.

So he constantly followed Carmencita and besieged her with all his attentions, and whispered the most flattering of speeches in her ear, while scarce a day passed that he did not present her with some beautiful jewels or other costly trifles dear to the feminine heart.

As for Carmencita, every time she

looked into his dark handsome face whose only repulsive feature was the malignant light he could not repress that ever and anon flamed from his dark eyes, a feeling of aversion for him stole over her that she could not conquer, and, when he would kiss her little white hand, she would shudder as if a serpent had crawled its slimy way across it.

She could not tell why it was so for he was handsome and so devoted and generous to her, but still the aversion was there as has been so quaintly described in the words:

> "I do not like thee, Doctor Fell.
> The reason why I cannot tell."

And after awhile she gave him plainly to understand, as a woman can, that his attentions were not agreeable to her, and refused to accept any more of his gifts.

Her coldness, instead of quenching it, only seemed to inflame his mad passion

for her, and he determined to conquer her and have the triumph of winning her in spite of all obstacles.

For he possessed one of those fiery impetuous, but still patient natures, that stubbornly refuses to be discouraged, and would do and dare anything in order to attain a desired object.

And now, after following her to Paris, where she had at once become the craze of the Boulevards, and was surrounded by so many admirers, he scarcely had an opportunity to speak to her. When he did, she treated him with increased indifference and coldness, and refused to accept even a gift of the smallest value from him. He grew mad with the repressed longings within him, so that he determined on a bold *coup de main* to win her.

He resolved that

"All's fair in love and war,"

and that, as he had not been able to win

her in a fair way, he would have to employ foul means to do so.

And this resolve of his took the form of a plan to abduct her and force her to yield to his wishes.

His next act, after making this determination, was to find a place to take her to from which it would be impossible for her to escape, until he was ready to have her do so.

Some three or four miles drive from Paris was an old and ruined chateau that was situated in the midst of a dense wood, and that was shunned by every one near and far because of the strange stories told of it by those who had passed it late at night, of piercing shrieks that issued from it and ghostly faces and sulphurous lights seen at its windows.

For many years its only living occupants had been the

> "Spiders and rats,
> Owls and bats,"

who had made it their abode, until one day it was at last hired from the agent who had charge of it, by the old Italian, Beppo Galletto, and his wife, Angela.

After that the old chateau was shunned more than ever, for people who had been afraid to pass it only at night, now avoided it even in the broad light of day, as marvellous stories were told of Angela's supernatural powers of witchcraft, and of her husband's laboratory where were compounded the subtle and deadly poisons, the receipts of which had been confided to one of his ancestors by the Borgias.

And added to these terrors that the old chateau now possessed for the people, of being haunted, and the abode of those of whom it was whispered they had

"Sold their souls to Satan,"

there was in league with them a large bloodhound, made fiercer by being

kept half-starved, which roamed about it.

And it was in this much dreaded place that Count Marco had cruelly decided to imprison the beautiful Carmencita.

The day after he had made this decision he made his way toward the chateau, after providing himself first with a quantity of fresh meat to win the good-will of the bloodhound, and arming himself with a pistol, in case his overtures to the beast failed to have the desired effect.

When at last he reached the chateau, (the evil one, as it seems, always helps his own, as he is declared to do), the Count, most fortunately for him, encountered old Beppo at the gate, whom he at once addressed in Italian.

Seeing in the Count a fellow countryman, the old man at once invited him to enter and go with him to the chateau, first bidding the bloodhound, now sav-

agely leaping about, to lie down, and which was satisfied to do so after the meat had been thrown it.

When they reached the chateau, old Angela, after receiving a sign from her husband, dropped a courtesy to the Count, and with a smile that she meant to be winning, but which only rendered her hideous face more repulsive, invited him to be seated.

As he found himself shut in alone from the outer world with this mysterious and uncanny looking couple, the Count, whose boast had always been that his nerves were as strong as if made from steel, and that he feared neither God, man, nor the devil, could not repress a momentary secret shuddering and feeling of terror.

For old Beppo had the appearance of one who has been for some days dead with his pallid, half-livid complexion and dark eyes set so deep in his head they had

the look at a distance of empty sockets. He wore a sort of dressing gown over which were woven strange hieroglyphics, scorpions, snakes and grinning skulls, while Angela, who was just the opposite of being the angelic being that her name signified, was clad in a loose-fitting robe made of the same material, and as she bent her repulsive and wrinkled face, with its eyes as black as coals lit by lurid lights as of flames of fire, and skin as yellow as the immense hoops of gold swinging from her ears, over the great open fire-place, while she stirred the broth that was cooking there, she reminded the Count of the evil witches in Lady Macbeth watching the brewing of their cauldrons.

The Count at once made known to Beppo the object of his visit, and, as he concluded, drew forth from his pocket a well-filled purse of shining gold coins and extended it to the old Italian, stating

that it was but a first payment, if he would aid him in his plan for abducting Carmencita and keeping her a prisoner in the chateau.

With his ghastly looking eyes brightened with the avaricious light that had leaped into them at sight of the gold, Beppo assured the Count that he was henceforth his most willing slave, and that with him and Angela, his wife, as her keepers, Carmencita's escape would be impossible, if she could be safely conveyed to the chateau.

"I have arranged for that, Signor Balletto," said the Count with an evil smile, and then, while the smile deepened on his lips, he confided to the old man how he had bribed Carmencita's coachman, and that he, the Count, intended to be secreted in her cab when it was time for her to leave the theatre for her home, and that if no one else accompanied her, as

soon as he found himself alone in it with her to still any screams or struggles she would give at sight of him by quickly applying to her nostrils a handkerchief he would bring with him saturated with chloroform.

"Your plan is a very good one, Count," said Beppo, "and you are just the man carry it out, and any time you bring the fair Carmencita here, you will find me ready to receive her."

Then the Count took his leave, after promising that he would bring his prisoner to the chateau on the following evening, if possible.

CHAPTER V.

THE ABDUCTION.

It was the evening following Count Marco's visit to the old chateau, and Carmencita, after dancing as usual to a crowded and appreciative audience, wearied with exertion and excitement at last, left the theatre for her home.

There was no moon out, and the curbstone, before which her cab was drawn up, was shrouded in darkness, and, as she stepped gracefully into it, after waving her adieus to the crowd of friends and admirers who were gathered outside of the theatre to watch her take her departure, she did not see the figure muffled in

deepest black that was crouched in the corner of the furthest side.

As soon as the coachman had turned the corner, he whipped up his horses which started on a mad race, and then Carmencita became aware of the figure secreted in the cab for she felt herself suddenly seized in a pair of strong arms, while, before she could utter a single cry, she felt a handkerchief saturated with chloroform pressed to her nostrils and inhaled its pungent odor.

She struggled violently for a moment, but as the chloroform finished its work, her struggles ceased and she lay back limp and unconscious in the Count's arms.

When the Count reached the chateau, he found old Beppo and Angela awaiting his coming, and with their assistance his beautiful and unconscious burden was borne up to the room where she was to be

kept a prisoner at the Count's pleasure until he would see fit to release her.

The following morning when Carmencita slowly opened her eyes, after the effects of the chloroform administered passed away, and they took in the unfamiliar aspect of her surroundings, there flashed into her remembrance what had happened the previous night, how she had been overpowered and rendered unconscious after entering her cab.

"Dios mio" (my God), she cried out, "where am I!" and as she spoke, although she felt so weak she could scarcely stand, she leaped from her bed and looked wildly about her.

The room that she found herself in contained evidences of its former grandeur, for the tapestries that adorned the walls, although moth-eaten and covered with dust, were of the most beautiful pattern, and the pictures had been exe-

cuted by master hands, while over the once highly polished floor was scattered rugs softer and deeper than velvet; the furniture was most elaborately carved and the toilet paraphernalia on the dressing-table were of such a costly description that a queen might have been pleased to use them.

Carmencita at once flew to the door and tried it, only to find her fears were realized, for it was locked upon the outer side, and it was framed of such stout wood that no man's strength alone could have beaten it down.

"I must escape," she murmured with passionate vehemence, "surely there must be some way out of this horrible prison."

She made her way to the windows only to find, when she had drawn the curtains aside, that they were barred with great, heavy, iron bars, and as she commenced to shake them to see if any were

loose, a blood-curdling sound arose beneath the window.

It was the baying of the bloodhound which had been fastened there, and as Carmencita looked shudderingly down, she beheld it gazing upon her with a fierce glare in its eyes and its deep, red mouth that disclosed its keen, white fangs, opened to its fullest extent.

With her heart sinking like lead in her bosom, with the feeling of utter despair that swept over her, poor Carmencita began to pace to and fro through the room, wondering what awful fate was in store for her.

The entrance of old Angela with the tray containing her breakfast at last interrupted her bitter and despairing reverie.

As Carmencita caught sight of the old woman, whose repulsive and witch-like appearance would have struck terror to hearts more brave than hers, she sank

moaning and half-fainting on her knees and cried out piteously in Spanish:

"Oh, my good woman, tell me, I pray you, where I am, and for what purpose I have been brought here?"

"You are in the old haunted chateau in the midst of the woods, where you are likely to remain until you have granted to your wealthy and generous admirer, the Count Marco Durazzi, the love that he has so often begged you for," was old Angela's harsh reply, as she deposited the breakfast tray upon the table.

As Carmencita listened to the old nag's words that told her she was a prisoner in the haunted and much dreaded abode of which she had often heard it said that people were afraid to pass it even by daylight, it was no marvel that a look of agonizing terror swept over her fair, sweet face, while with the most piteous cries that ever came from human lips she

seized old Angela's dress to detain her, and begged her to release her.

"You are a woman like myself," she cried. "Surely you will have pity upon me and save me. I will pay you well for it, if you do."

But she might as well have appealed to the blood-hound which was uttering the most savage cries beneath the windows ever since he had seen Carmencita's face there.

"You are not able to pay as much as Count Marco," replied the old hag with a wicked leer, "so hold your tongue, girl, and eat your breakfast and try to be in a good humor when the good count will be in soon to see you," and, as she concluded, she roughly pushed the terrified Carmencita from her and went quickly out, closing and locking the door after her.

As Carmencita found herself alone, with her mind a prey to the most terrible of

fears, she remained kneeling on the floor, and with her little white hands clasped in supplication, sent up the most pitiful and earnest prayers to heaven for deliverance from the terrible evil that beset her.

She arose from her knees at last feeling stronger, and, leaving the breakfast untasted, save for the cup of strong coffee that she felt the need of as a stimulant, began to pace through the room again, while she devised means of escape and hoped that heaven would hear her prayer by providentially directing her friends who would miss her and institute a search for her, to trace her to the haunted chateau.

While she was thus occupied she heard the ponderous key turn in the lock, and the next moment the door swung open and Count Marco entered.

"Good morning, my fair Carmencita ; I trust I find you comfortable," he said

coolly, with the most courtly of bows and sweetest of smiles.

Carmencita vouchsafed him no reply save a look of withering scorn that flamed like lightning from her glorious dark eyes, and made him shrink for a moment before its wrathful blaze.

Then recovering himself he continued:

"Come—come, my beautiful Carmencita, have you no kind greeting for your devoted admirer?"

"Leave the room, if you please, for I have nothing to say to you, save that this insult to me will be avenged," she at last found voice to utter, while an indignant flush of crimson flamed into her cheeks and the look of contempt deepened in her eyes.

"Nothing to say to me," he returned mocking, with an evil smile curving his lips that glared like a line of fire beneath his heavy black moustache. "Surely it were

wiser my fair Carmencita to try and make terms with me than to bandy angry words. I love you and I want your love in return. but beware my haughty beauty that you change not that love into hate."

"Count Marco," she replied, "it is cruel and unmanly for you to persecute a defenceless girl and to try to force a love from her that can never be yours, and the vengeance of heaven will be upon you for it. So release me, and I will forgive you this outrage upon me in abducting and keeping me a prisoner in this hateful place. There are other women you will find to love you, for you are handsome, wealthy and generous, so why not bestow your love upon them and find a happiness that I can never give you."

"There is but one woman on earth to me, Carmencita," he returned passionately, "and that is yourself, and I have sworn to make you my own by fair means

or foul. You might as well try to stay the waves of the sea or to topple a mountain from its base as to move me from my purpose. As for the vengeance of heaven, I defy it. It is of no value to me beside your love. With the poet I exclaim:

> I'd barter the keys of heaven,
> I'd trample them under feet
> For the taste of thy wine-like kisses,
> The throb of thy clasp, my sweet.'

"So better, far better for you, Carmencita," he added, "to stop all resistance and yield to my wishes by becoming mistress of my heart and life than to make me do that to win you, which I should be sorry to do."

She could not misunderstand the insulting meaning of his passionate speech, or the burning, gloating look in his eyes that were eagerly fastened upon her face. The crimson flush faded from her face leaving her as pale as death with bitter

shame at his rudeness, while she buried her face in her hands.

"You understand me," he said with a malignant taunting laugh; "so much the better. Now listen to reason, Carmencita, I love you and will do all in my power to make you happy, but if you refuse to do as I wish, I will—ah—well, you know you are in my power."

By the time he had ceased speaking all the fierce spirit of her race within her had asserted itself, and drawing herself up as proudly as an outraged queen might have done, she cried in a white heat of passion:

"You villain! You cowardly dog, how dare you threaten me thus! Know that I *hate* you, I *defy* you, I *spurn* you as the dust beneath my feet, and would more willingly deliver myself to the embrace of yonder blood-hound than to yours, and rather than accede to your wishes, I will die by my own hand."

She was rarely, peerlessly beautiful with that hot flush of anger burning in her face, and its lightning-like flash blazing in her dark eyes, and, as Count Marco watched her, the passion that was seething within him was wrought to a maddening frenzy.

"Rave on, my beauty," he said admiringly, "it makes me only the more determined to win you and tame you into subjection. By Jove! I never saw you looking more beautiful, more utterly fascinating; so come now, my lovely one, and let us be friends, and seal our friendship with a kiss."

"*Mi chiquita*," he added, while his passion rose stronger and stronger within him, and he advanced toward her to embrace her.

"Come share the happy transports of your love,
Come, come, my darling, to my longing arms,
And, lying on my throbbing heart discover
The wealth and beauty of your glowing charms."

CHAPTER VI.

FOILED.

He might as well have sought to embrace an enraged serpent.

For, as he stretched out his hands to clasp her, Carmencita quickly drew forth a small jewelled stiletto that was concealed in her bosom, and which she always considered it expedient to carry. Raising its glittering blade aloft, she cried out :

"Advance one step nearer, Count Marco Durazzi, and you are a dead man, for I truthfully warn you that I will plunge this stiletto into your breast, and

failing in that, I swear by all I hold sacred I will kill myself!"

There was a look on her face not to be mistaken, and Count Marco was completely cured by it, for he had no intention of having blood shed to accomplish his purpose, while her dauntless spirit filled him with an admiration that was stronger than his vile passion for her and conquered it so much as to make him answer:

"My brave Carmencita, you have vanquished me and won the victory, and now if you will swear to me that you will reveal naught of your abduction or what has occurred here to any living soul, I will let you go home at once and no further insult shall be offered you. The people with whom you are living, if they question you where you spent the night away from them, you can tell that you were invited after the theatre to a house to

dance for a private party, and as the hour was very late when it ended, you were pressed to remain until morning and accepted the invitation. Will you swear to do so, I ask you."

"I swear," answered Carmencita, anxious to leave the dreaded chateau at any price, save that of her honor.

A few hours later Carmencita found herself safe in her own room at home, and no one in Paris, save herself and Count Marco, and the coachmen whom she refused to allow to drive her again, was aware how their beautiful favorite had been forcibly abducted from their midst for a fate worse than that of death.

CHAPTER VII.

THE DUEL.

It was about a week after his abduction of Carmencita that Count Marco, in company with a party of friends, was seated at one of the tables of a well-known wine room in Paris.

All the Count's mad passion for Carmencita had increased with tenfold force, and, as only a man can who has been disappointed in similar cases, he cursed himself again and again, that while he had her in his power he had foolishly allowed himself to release her.

He was fiercely jealous of all her other admirers and hated them, but none so bit-

terly as he hated the Viscount Armand de Sallauness, because Carmencita seemed to smile more graciously upon him than all the others, and he, the Count, had heard how Armand had declared that he loved Carmencita so well that he was willing to make her his Countess.

So a little later, when Armand, accompanied by the Marquis de Loubens, also sauntered into the wine room, and was within hearing distance, the Count, maddened with rage and jealousy, skillfully concealed with the sweetest of smiles, purposely lifted to his lips, his wine glass which had just been freshly filled, and said :

"Here's to the most beautiful woman in Paris, the charming dancer, Carmencita, who is awfully fond of me, but distributes her favors equally with—"

Before he could utter another word Armand, who had grown as pale as death,

tossed his freshly lighted cigar into a tray, and striding up to the Count delivered a stinging slap on his smiling face, the force of which was so great it caused the wine glass he held to fall from his hands and shiver into atoms upon the floor.

"Don't you dare to pollute that name here," Armand thundered, while the Count, with all the wine flush faded out of his face, sprang in a white heat of passion upon him.

There would probably have been murder done at that moment had the men been left to themselves, but frightened friends of both ran forward and separated them.

Here's my card, sir," said the Count, looking as if all the fires of hell had been lit within him, and speaking in tones exquisitely inviting, while he contemptuously threw his card at Armand, "so let us," he added, "see what we can do in the

morning about this little matter when we have slept over it. It is your life or mine, so see," this significantly and with the utmost *sang froid*, "that your pistols or any weapons you choose are in readiness."

"Mon Dieu! Armand," said the Marquis, when he had succeeded in getting the latter outside the wine room, "what a foolhardy thing you have done, for Count Marco is an excellent shot, and your life, no doubt, will pay the forfeit."

"I don't care," passionately answered Armand, "I would do the same thing any number of times over and would cheerfully yield up twenty lives if I had them, rather than to allow that vile Italian wretch to defame a name that is dearer than life to me, and as pure as the driven snow."

After a nearly sleepless night, Armand rose at five o'clock the following morning and looking out of the window saw that

a heavy fog hung like a thick curtain over the earth.

He started out and soon reached the home of the Marquis whom he found already up. His cab, with a case of duelling pistols on the seat, stood at the door waiting to convey himself and Armand to the spot selected on the previous night for the duel.

They were on the ground by seven o'clock, and the fog continued so dense as to prevent their seeing each other distinctly at a few yards' distance. This puzzled the parties not a little, and threatened to interfere with *business.*

"Everything by —— is against us today," exclaimed the Marquis, while he placed the pistol under his arm and buttoned his long coat up to the chin, "for this fog will hinder you seeing one another and this d——d rain will soak through to the priming. In fact, you must be put

up within eight or ten feet of each other."

"Settle all that as soon as you like," replied Armand, while he paced rapidly to and fro.

"Haloo! here! here we are!" cried out the Marquis a moment later, seeing three shadowy figures within a few yards searching about for them. The Count had brought with him, beside the friend who was to act as his second, a young surgeon.

The fog thickened rapidly as soon as they had come together, and Armand and Count Marco took their stands a little distance from their respective friends.

"Any chance of an apology?" whispered the Count's second to the Marquis.

"Devil a bit," returned the Marquis, and he added, "I am afraid it will be a duel to the death of one or the other of them."

"About how far had you better place

them in this cursed fog?" asked the other, when the Marquis had concluded.

"Oh, the usual distance. Step them out the baker's dozen. Give them every chance, for God favors them with this fog."

"But they won't see one another any more than the blind! 'Tis a complete farce, for how can they mark?—but they are both in a savage mood and ready to take any chances."

When the distance had been stepped out and the duelists stationed in their places, Armand could not even catch a glimpse of the Count, to whom he was equally invisible.

"Well," they both thought, "if we miss we can fire again."

In a few minutes the voice of the Marquis called out loudly, but nervously, "One! Two! Three!"

As the fatal "three" was called, both

pistol-fires flashed through the fog at once, and the seconds rushed up to their men.

"Armand, where are you?" called the Marquis. "Count Marco, where are you?" asked his friend.

"Here!" answered both Armand and the Count, but the latter's voice betrayed that he had been hurt.

Armand was unharmed, but the chance shot from his pistol had struck the Count's right arm, rendering it useless and inflicting a painful but not fatal wound, which was soon attended to by the surgeon.

"I tell you what, Armand," said the Marquis, while the two friends were on their way home in the cab, "that fog was a d—d lucky thing for you, for Count Marco is a splendid shot, none better, and if he could only have seen to mark you, he would, no doubt, have aimed for your

heart, and you would this moment have been a dead man instead of the very much alive one that you are."

"Maybe I would have been a dead man, and maybe not," returned Armand with a grim smile, "but at all events," he added, "Count Marco has been taught better than to bandy Carmencita's name about in the drunken, ribald manner that he did last night."

CHAPTER VIII.

IN AMERICA.

Soon after Carmencita left Paris for Spain again, and thither Armand, accompanied by the Marquis, followed her, as did also Count Marco.

After fulfilling her engagements there which were marked by a series of triumphs, she returned to Paris to dance at the the Nouveau Cirque, and at length was induced by Kiralfy, who had been after her for a long time, to come with him to America and appear in "Antiope" at Niblo's Garden.

Just before leaving she was rid forever of her unwelcomed admirer, the Count

Marco Durazzi, for he was killed in a duel with one of his companions in a gambling house, who had accused him of cheating at cards.

But Armand accompanied her to America on the same vessel, much to the amusement of the Marquis, who laughingly dubbed him "Carmencita's shadow."

The Marquis did not go with them, but promised Armand to join him in New York city as soon as he had transacted some important business that needed his attention.

The long voyage over gave Armand many opportunities for the most delightful tête-a-têtes with Carmencita. When alone on the decks, they watched the ever varying beauties of the unbroken views of sea and sky.

He felt that this was a most favorable opportunity for him to declare the mad adoring love that filled his heart for her

and end the suspense that seemed consuming his life with its fever.

But, although his bravery was such that if he was called on the battlefield, he would have gone to the very front where the fire was the thickest, he was a very coward in the war of love, and he feared to put to Carmencita the question that his lips longed to ask her, if she could ever return his love or become his wife.

He thought of every word she had ever uttered to him and of every glance she had bestowed upon him, but such thoughts did not bring him much comfort, for his reason taught him that not one word or glance of hers had been more tender or loving than she would have bestowed on any friend.

He told himself that surely she must read in his devotion to her and his every look that was more expressive than words, and in the verses of poetry he composed

about her or read to her, how great was his love for her, but she never gave any sign to him that she did.

One night after they had been sitting for some time together on the deck silently watching the moon that was rising out of the misty bosom of the sea, he felt that he could no longer endure his suspense and must learn his fate from the lips of this Spanish girl, beautiful as a houri or an opium-eater's dream, who had bewitched and forever enslaved him with the spell of her wondrous beauty.

And after he had wrapped a thick cloak about her to protect her from the chilling sea breeze he bent over her with a world of love looking out of his deep blue gray eyes, and to prepare the way for his declaration of love to her, tenderly and passionately quoted:

'You are a dream that lies upon me, making
My soul ache with its glory; let me feast

In that soft splendor, radiant as the breaking
Of a new moon unfolding in the east,
Oh ! let me wear you as a mantle, decking
Its folds with unmatched spangles from your heart,
As broad skies wear their stars, so grandly flecking
Their glowing depths with care in every part,
You are an echo from the world of stars ;
A Symphony—rare, rounded in love ;
A book of sweetest music without bars,
Breaking unchecked to hungering air above.
I measure out my passion in vain verse ;
It unwinds from my soul as from a reel ;
But ah ! how idly, for none may rehearse
The soul-born love which only I can feel.

Then the words began to tremble on his lips that he had so long yearned to utter and would have been spoken, but just at that fateful moment a little party came from the saloon within and joined them, and his opportunity was lost.

CHAPTER IX.

THE SUICIDE OF ARMAND.

"Carmencita is destined to become famous here in America as she did in Europe," said Armand the day after the Marquis had joined him in New York while the two were enjoying a cigar together in Armand's richly-furnished apartments in the hotel where he was stopping.

"For," he continued, "the press are already beginning to notice her and rave about her, and that goes a great way toward it. Just listen while I read you how a talented and well-known writer en-

thuses over her in this copy of "Le Chat Noir" of August 23d."

"Carmencita possesses the most delightfully limber spine that I have seen exercised. The bills call her the 'Midnight Passion Flower, the Pearl of Seville.' It is a weak metaphor. She's a veritable serpent of rampant coils, fluctuant as smoke, elusive as mercury, beautiful as a lonely star."

"The scintillant smiles of a Spanish sky, the smooth dream of the mandolin, the click-clack of castanets go rippling through her fresh, young form. Limitless bliss dilates in her deep eyes, her crimson mouth melts moistily with a gorgeous smile, and she ends it all with a sublime wriggle."

"Mercy on us! what a wriggle this one is of Carmencita's! She only takes up three minutes of 'Antiope' at Niblo's, but that three minutes is the whole evening—in

fact, it is the history of a life-time. Poetry, plastic art and music are fused into those wriggles. They begin at the girdle and shiver upwards, vanishing at the finger tips, and then winging invisibly in the clouds, I presume. We have had the idyl of the heel and toe to perfection hitherto, but it has required Carmencita to supply the overwhelming torsal writhe."

"She is a supreme beauty. The romances of Seville and Cadiz have never breathed more divine visions than she supplies, and the maddening mist of the mantilla has never screened a fairer countenance. Pink as roses is her flesh, black as the raven is her hair, and her eyes are eclipsed suns—radiant as noonday and the color of midnight."

"She dances principally with her arms, shoulders and neck. She flings herself backward from her waist like a rattler

about to strike, hisses strangely, twists latitudinally, spirates like a whiplash, and reaches a spasmodic climax with her hands on her undulating hips, her glorious head laid back defiantly, and her bust jutting bravely to the front."

"I don't see where the dudes are. They went mad over Sylvia Gray, and here is a woman by the side of whom Sylvia is a poor, insignificant crab-apple. She tosses the entire Casino over her head. Russell is a feather bolster in comparison; Urquhart a doorstep. She has one expression, a fainting of the eyes and slow wreathing of the lips, that is equal to the dawn of a new life. The man who doesn't see Carmencita is a poor wretch, and he'll end up his existence with a gap in his heart big enough for a horse and car to drive through."

"Our old friend, "Brudder Bolossy" I believe it is, has been faithful in his pro-

duction of 'Antiope.' Besides Carmencita he has flooded several hundred more women in a truly startling ocean of ballet, and waves of graceful limbs splash and sparkle in the soft lights, and the expanse of unobscured femaleness is positively vast. But after all, the languorous swirl of Carmencita comprises the whole glow and glamor of the night. She has poetized, spiritualized, immortalized the wriggle. You will not understand why I lay so much stress on the accomplishment until she has made your own heart beat with wonder."

"How is that for a stunner of a description?" said Armand, when he had concluded reading, "and what can be taken from it or or what added, to better describe 'the beauties of her face' and 'glories of her form?'"

Then taking up another copy of the same daily before the Marquis could

answer, he added, "and just listen to this."

"Carmencita! Marvel of sinuous sweetness; a lithe, serpentine girl set to heavenly music. There are two minutes of her every night at Niblo's. Those two minutes are worth six weeks at Narragansett Pier. Go to see her if you have to pawn your jewelry to do so. It is impossible to have missed her and lived."

"Very good," said the Marquis; "with such press notices as those and others I have noticed, she will become the craze of New York in time, if she has not already."

"But I say, Armand," he continued banteringly, "how much longer are you going to follow the divine Carmencita as her very shadow, and where do you mean it all to end? Have you proposed to her yet and offered to make her your Count-

ess, as you have so often said you would do."

"No," replied Armand gloomily, "I have not, and I am in the same fix described by the poet who wrote:"

> 'The flower I have but to beck for,
> Falls under my feet to die,
> While the one I would risk my neck for
> Grows up on the mountain high,'

"For," he continued, "although I have conquered all other women before her whom I set my heart on winning, I cannot thus Carmencita, for she seems as unapproachable to a heart's worship as some beautiful glittering, far-off star that one may look upon but never obtain. She is so wrapped up in her art the she is impervious to all else."

Soon after the Marquis took his departure and Armand went, as was his daily custom, to call on Carmencita and try and see her alone, if but a few moments, or,

failing in that, to linger near the house where she lived, that he might at least breathe the same air with her.

He still put off the fatal day that would end his suspense, and when her engagement at Niblo's was ended and she was started on a tour through the States, he followed after her wherever she went, clinging to her presence as a drowning man to a straw.

This tour ended, she came back to New York under contract to dance at Koster and Bial's well known and popular concert hall in Twenty-third street, and from the first moment that she appeared upon its stage she began to ride on a wave of popularity that soon had her poised on its highest crest.

Even here, Armand followed her night after night. He and his friend, the Marquis, could be seen sipping their favorite drinks at one of the tables, or seated in one of

the private boxes near the stage, while they watched and waited for the time for Carmencita to appear, as so many others were doing.

At last the day came when Armand felt that he could no longer bear his suspense and live, and with this feeling strong upon him he went to Carmencita, and when he found himself alone with her, he at once poured into her ears the story he had for so long a time longed yet dreaded to tell of his mad, adoring love for her, and ended by asking her to become his wife.

Then, with a world of love and eager hope on his handsome face, he awaited her answer.

"I am sorry, my friend," she at last gently said, "that it is impossible for me to do as you ask me, for I do not and cannot love you in the way you wish; my love is all given to my art, and loving it as I

do I want to devote all my time to it, and have no time for marriage."

All the look of hope had died out of his face while she was speaking, and while a look of unutterable despair swept over it instead, he threw himself upon his knees beside her when she had concluded, and seizing her little white hands in his strong ones, cried out brokenly :

"Oh, Carmencita, my beautiful love, my life, I beg you, unsay those cruel words you have just uttered, for I cannot bear them and live. I *must* have your love, for without it I shall die."

"You must not speak in that way," she said softly, while she looked pityingly down upon him, "for you are young, and if you will go away from me, you will learn to forget me and to give your love to some one more worthy to share your great wealth."

"I can never forget you," he interrupted passionately, and as for my wealth—

> 'What is the wealth of the Indies
> Compared with the love of one?
> E'n heaven is a desert without it
> Unblesssed with the light of a sun.'"

"So mi vida" (my life), he continued, "have pity on me, for I can no longer live without your love and even heaven would be desolate to me if you did not share it with me. So bid me hope that you will reconsider your decision and bid me live, for I will go from you to die if you do not,"

"I cannot, my friend," she answered sadly, but firmly, "for I would only be deceiving you if I did. My mind is fully made up not to marry, and I do not or cannot give to any man the love you ask for, but we may still be friends, may we not, and forget that this scene between us has ever occurred?"

Seeing that his pleadings were useless, with an agonizing feeling of pain and desolation in his heart, that seemed each moment as if it would kill him, and his brain feeling as if it would burst, he cast one last unutterable, despairing look on Carmencita's beautiful face, such as Adam might have cast at the Eden forever lost to him, and simply saying, "adieu, my life," passed out of her presence.

When at last he managed to reach his own apartments, like one too dazed by a heavy blow to offer any further resistance, he uttered neither word, nor moan nor prayer, but calmly seating himself before his writing-desk, opened the diary that contained the story of his love for Carmencita.

After reading it through to the last chapter, beginning with the impassioned lines of the French poet, Baudelaire,

I adore thee, in my passion
Careless, thoughtless, girl of mine,
With the priest's wild, mad devotion,
For his altar and his shrine.

Underneath your satin slippers,
Have I thrown my love, my hate,
Have I flung my joy, my manhood,
Flung my genius and my fate,

he added the sad story of how after declaring his love for Carmencita, he had been refused by her, and as he loved her so, could no longer bear to exist without her preferring death to the misery of life, and so intended dying by his own hand by taking poison in his possession, both so subtle and powerful in its working, that it would kill instantly and yet leave no trace of its presence, thus saving his proud name from the shame of after consequences—of the suicide's disgrace.

After penning as the final lines to this confession,

Ye gods, she is so fair and sweet,
I've cast my life beneath her feet,

he enclosed the diary in a large envelope, which he sealed and directed to his friend, the Marquis de Loubens.

This done, he opened a drawer in the desk and took from it the poison he had mentioned.

It was in the form of a powder and shone in his hand like a crushed diamond, and so small that the merest breath blowing upon it could reduce it to nothingness, and yet it possessed a power that larger things might envy, for it held the key to unlock the mysterious portals of the unknown world beyond.

He walked steadily to the table that contained some wine glasses, and, taking one of them, calmly shifted the powder into it. Then raising a caraffe filled with water, with a steady hand he poured some of it upon the tiny crystals in the glass. A moment they bubbled, foamed upward, and then died away. Armand, raising the

glass, drained it. A moment later, *and he too, like those bubbles—perished.*

The following day when the door was burst open by the servants, when he did not make his appearance, he was found resting in such a natural position with his arms spread upon the table and his head lying upon them, they thought at first he was only in a deep sleep. Then the all powerful silence of death filled them with its awe, and convinced them that their fears had not been groundless, and physicians were hastily summoned and the Marquis de Loubens, Armand's most intimate friend.

The verdict returned by the learned physicians as to the cause of death was "heart failure," for the poison, as Armand had stated, left no trace of its presence.

CHAPTER X.

CARMENCITA'S DREAM.

It was the morning after the suicide of Armand, and as tragedy and comedy are so often mingled on the boards of the stage of life, CARMENCITA, all unknowing of the death of him who had laid down his young and vigorous life because of his mad love for her, was eating a bunch of the grapes that are her favorite fruit, and gayly chatting with some of the Spanish friends who had called in to see her as was their usual custom.

"Oh, I must tell you, *amiguitos mios*," (my friends), she exclaimed suddenly in her pure liquid Spanish, "about the wonderful dream that I had last night."

"It was about the benefit that MESSRS. KOSTER AND BIAL have so kindly promised to give me," she continued, while all eyes were fixed attentively upon her.

"It was wonderful! wonderful! wonderful! this dream of mine," she went on, while she clasped her little white hands expressively together, "and if it could only be true, how truly happy I should be!"

"But, ah,—no, it is impossible!" she said, as if speaking to herself, while she gave a long, deep drawn sigh, and the dazzling smile on her lips was succeeded by an equally enchanting pout.

"But listen, and I will tell you," she went on, while as quickly vanishing as an April storm before the sunlight, the pout was gone and a rare winning smile flitted across her perfect red lips again at the remembrance of her dream.

"I dreamed, as I have already told you,

that it was the night of my benefit; and now to go on with my story. When the time came for me to go on the stage, I found an audience awaiting me that made my brain reel and whirl with happiness and made me dance as I have never danced before when awake."

She paused for a moment to give a silvery, rippling laugh that rang and echoed through the room, and then continued:

"First of all I saw Queen Christina of Spain, smiling upon me from one of the private boxes, for it seemed she had come all the way from Madrid expressly to attend my benefit, and beside her was seated *el rey chico*, (the little king), who opened his big eyes wider and loudly laughed and clapped at me, just as he did when I was fortunate enough to please him when I danced before the royal party in the palace in my own country."

"In the same box with the Queen and

the little king was the Austrian Princess (the Queen's friend), and Don Roderico, de Manara, the *majordomo* of the royal house-hold, to whom I presented the slippers I wore when I danced at the palace, (and which he vowed, naughty man! he would kiss every day,) and both of these, the Princess and Don Roderico, also kindly applauded me."

"Then, as if to please me still more," she went on (after a brief pause to eat some grapes), "it seemed that Messrs. Koster & Bial had dismissed their usual fine orchestra for the night, and that the *royal band*, those splendid, black-whiskered fellows from the *guardia reyal* of Madrid, played for me to dance instead, just as they did when I was at the palace."

"In another of the boxes I beheld another Queen with her son, the Prince, beside her, who had his lorgnette constantly levelled at me and was most critic-

ally examining me, and in the same box with them was President and Mrs. Harrigon, while in the other boxes near them was Mr. James P. Maine and his wife, together with some of the other members of his family, also Mr. and Mrs. Clevleda, also that American gentleman—what's his name?—who has the eloquence of a Cicero, and whom the newspapers call the golden and silver-tongued orator? oh—ah! I mean Señor Chancelo Defruter."

"There were lots of the distinguished present," she added with another merry laugh, "for I saw nearly all of the Four Hundred."

"Then I saw all the noble and professional beauties who were pictured with me in the Cosmopolitan Magazine of last January, Mrs. Potter, Mrs. Langtry and Mary Anderson, who was accompanied by her handsome Spanish betrothed husband, Señor José de Navarro, and the other

famous beauties whose names are too numerous for me to mention."

"And to add to all this distinguished crowd," she went on, after another brief pause to eat some more grapes and greet another friend who had just called in to see her, "there were artists, and sculptors, and musicians, and well-known literary people, besides many members of the dramatic profession, including all of the managers with whom I have ever contracted to dance."

"And then, how funny it was! I recognized the bandit chief of whom you have often heard me tell how he captured me once in Spain, smiling and nodding at me from one of the boxes placed nearest the stage, and seated beside him and chatting with him as with an intimate friend was Inspector Byrnes, New York's champion thief-hunter and catcher."

"After the performance was ended

each and all of my audienee crowded around me to compliment me on my dancing and offer their congratulations for the great success of my benefit so that I was nearly suffocated for want of air and was compelled to beg for their mercy."

"I tell you I was nearly crazy with joy and the excitement of it all; for besides tendering me their expressions of admiration and congratulation, I was presented by them with a magnificent gold medal, more beautiful than either of those I received in Paris or Philadelphia, while they showered upon me such costly floral offerings as I have never before beheld, for all through them, sparkling like countless dew drops were scattered diamond rings, earrings, brooches, bracelets and necklaces of such value that a queen might well envy them."

"One of the European princes interviewed me in the reception room, and

when he saw me expressed his delight with my dancing and with my beauty which seemed to please him still more. He presented me with a superb necklace of perfectly matched pearls that were like linked globes of snow bathed in moonlight, and while doing so he whispered to me that they would make a striking contrast to the fiery glow of my dark Spanish beauty, and made other flattering and poetical speeches that I can't remember, and he also gave me with his mother's, (the Queen,) compliments a rare India shawl that he assured me was a mark of favor she usually bestowed on those who especially pleased her."

CARMENCITA paused to recover breath while she opened with childish cries of delight a package that had just arrived for her that proved to be a costly fan of vory and gold that had been sent her

by one of her numerous admirers, and then went on after another merry laugh.

"But what seemed to amuse most of all in my dream was when a gentleman whom I had noticed, while I was dancing, slyly peeping at me now and then from the draperies of the box he was in, was introduced to me after the performance was over as that noted Brooklyn priest or minister."

"For, after being introduced to me, he bestowed on me a most lovely bouquet of roses and then told me some bible story about a king who had been so charmed with the dancing of one of his dancing girls that he promised to give her whatever she wished, even unto the half of his kingdom, but the wicked, foolish girl that she was only asked for the head of St. John the Baptist, and got it too."

"The Rev. gentleman after telling me the story, assured me that, although he con-

demned the king for giving her the saint's head as a reward for her dancing, he did not blame him for promising her the half of his kingdom if her dancing was anything near as charming as mine, and only wondered that he had not offered her the whole of it and himself to boot."

"Ah! continued Carmencita, while another deep drawn sigh burst from her lips, "how I wish it had been true, this dream of mine, for although I was delighted with my royal, distinguished and cultured audience who had favored me with their presence and smiles of approval and who had presented me with such a magnificent gold medal, and flowers and jewels, and also with the music of the royal band, the decorations of Spanish and American flags, the sceneries that depicted places in my own native country, and the Bolero and bull fight that is our national amusement, the beautiful

picture of me painted by Sargent that was exhibited at the front of the stage, all of which Messrs. Koster & Bial had brought to their concert hall especially for my benefit; I was more than delighted for I was wild with joy when the many, many dollars that had been received for the performance, and that it took many hours to count, were kindly and generously tendered to me by my managers."

She paused again, while she appeared lost in deep thought, and then added:

"Oh, I knew there was something I had not told you yet, for I forgot to tell how, in my dream, all the ladies and gentlemen present, after complimenting me about my dancing, all began to clamor to have their fortunes told, as I had done in imitation of the gypsies in Spain for the Professor, an account of which you have no doubt read in the Sunday *Herald* of April 20th."

"The clamor was so great that I was in

a dilemma whom to oblige first, when one of the gentlemen present kindly helped me out of my difficulty by standing upon a table and turning himself into a sort of auctioneer for me."

"Come, now, ladies and gentlemen," he said, "do be reasonable, for much as she may wish to do so, the charming Carmencita cannot oblige you all at the same time, so I propose to you that she tells first to the highest bidder."

Again Carmencita paused, while peal after peal of laughter rang out from her red lips, and then went on:

"What am I offered?" he then began to shout, and almost before the words were out of his mouth, they all began to shout out at once, so that it was impossible to tell for a moment who was the highest bidder, for all of them offered such munificent sums that it took my breath away with astonishment."

"It will not be fair for me to mention the name of the one who proved to be the highest bidder, as I number so many among my sincere admirers, but suffice it to say that the sum that crossed my palm for the first fortune I had to tell was $500."

"And so on, down to sums of not much less value, I went on telling fortunes in my dream, until I became so rich I began to think it would take an extra cab beside the two that would already have to convey myself and my floral offerings to my home, to take my fast accumulating wealth there."

"And when at last it was all packed into a large satchel together with the many costly jewels I had received, and I had reached home, and alone in my own room had counted over the money which came to $10,000, judge of my bitter disappointment when the loud barking of

a dog aroused me and I awoke and found it had all been a dream."

"But, although I was disappointed," she added in conclusion, "I could not help being amused, that I had dreamed my benefit had taken place, when it will not be until the 21st of May."

Just as she concluded the servant entered and announced the Marquis de Loubens, and after Carmencita had musically murmured to him, *sirvase Vd. sentarse, caballero* (will you please be seated, sir), as she noticed the pallor and troubled expression on his face, she abruptly restrained the gay sally that she was about to indulge in after her greeting of him, and for a moment utter silence reigned throughout the room.

It was at length broken by the Marquis, who announced in a low, sad voice how his friend, the Vicount Armand de

Sallauness had been found dead in his room that morning.

"Poor fellow! what a pity that he should die so young, and I liked him so much!" said Carmencita, after the first shock the news had given her had passed away, and as she spoke, the saddest of looks swept over her beautiful face.

"What was the cause of his death, do you know?" asked one of the gentlemen present.

"The doctors say it was heart failure," briefly answered the Marquis.

He did not wish to pain the beautiful Carmencita who had been the innocent cause of Armand's death by reason of her alluring beauty that had made him mad with love for her, by telling her and the little group assembled there that the doctor's verdict was all a mistake, and that he, the Marquis, had in his possession at that very moment the diary left by Armand in

which was penned his dying confession that he was about to die by his own hand because he had been refused by Carmencita, and loving her so well could not bear to exist without her.

And as the Marquis sadly continued to watch Carmencita's beautiful face and statuesque form, from which grace radiated at her every movement, he wondered how many men, like Armand, had been or would be made mad with love for her, while he mentally decided it would be no marvel if they were so.

LIFE OF CARMENCITA.

And her hair is black as night,
And her eyes are starry bright ;
Olives on her brow are blooming,
Roses red her lips perfuming ;
And her step is light and airy
As the tripping of a fairy.

Carmencita, or Carmen Dauset, for that is her whole name and Carmencita is only her title upon the stage, was born in Almeria near the beautiful and quaint old city of Seville in the year 1868.

She astonished her people by commencing to walk at a very early age, not awkwardly or totteringly like most babies but with a grace and assurance born of

experience, as if she had been walking for years.

Indeed, her walking was really dancing, and to quote the 'Cosmopolitan Magazine,' 'it was not the tiptoe pirouette of the Italian or French baby, who is artistic and artificial by hereditary instinct, but 'like the wave of the sea,' like the tossing of fuchsia bells in the wind, like a wind-blown flame, a flashing, vivid bit of Spanish life, deep colored as pomegranate flowers, full of the untamed, animal grace of a people who have touches of the wild, desert blood in them, and, perchance somewhere, far away, a strain of the Zingari.'

And to-day the older people of her birthplace love to tell how, when she was but a little child among them, Carmen Dauset gave promise of the future greatness for which she was destined.

When she was seven years old she was

sent to school at Malaga, and for five years that was her home.

During that time she studied dancing as an art by taking lessons in the regular dancing school there, the cost of which was $40 a month.

This monthly sum was quite a drain on her father's not too well filled purse, but kind and generous friends who admired and appreciated the lovely little Spanish girl's wondrous grace and talent helped him, and the progression of the child genius was so rapid that she amazed teachers, parents and friends and all who beheld her dance.

And when she was but twelve years of age she was considered an excellent danseuse, even among those girls whose untamed Southern ancestry, with all its wild animal grace, makes them dancers by birth.

Although Carmencita knew then that

she was more than merely successful as so many are, she did not dream that she would become famous in other cities of Europe and in America.

Brought up on grapes as she was, the warmth and bloom of them got into her blood and filled her with their fiery passion and intoxicating loveliness. Like them she ripened rapidly under the burning splendor of sunny, Spanish skies, for the bud of girlhood in which so many beautiful embryo leaves lay folded, had blossomed when she was but sixteen into the fulness of glowing, panting and luxuriant womanhood, and made her the most exquisite type of Andalusian beauty.

The first stage upon which she ever appeared was that of the Cervantes Theatre in the year 1880. Here she became an instant triumph, and gained more than ordinary distinction by giving two beautiful dances that were wholly her own in-

vention. One of them she called the Petenera, and some of its graceful movements she presents to her audience some nights at Koster & Bial's, where she is now engaged, while to the other she gave the name of the Vito (hat dance), and this she frequently gives in its entirety, and it is well worth a visit to the popular concert hall to see it alone.

For four months she flitted before the delighted audience that nightly crowded the Cervantes to see her, and then she traveled all through Spain, winning higher praises than were ever given to any other danseuse. Efforts were made to get her to Paris, but the enthusiastic Spaniards insisted upon two years more, and she made another contract and danced all over her own country until 1884.

Then she went to Paris, and in a short time was the craze of the Boulevards. In this home of art, nature and genius were

triumphant, for even the *blase* Frenchman went in raptures over her and called her "La Perle de Seville," and presented her with a magnificent gold medal.

Then she was visited by Don Roderico de Manara, one of the royal household, and was induced by him to return again to Spain. There she danced at Madrid in the palace before the royal family, and so delighted the Baby King that he watched her with his round eyes opened to their widest extent, and clapped his hands when she was done—the most spontaneous and agreeable applause she had ever had.

From Madrid she went to Lisbon and to Valladolid, and then again to Paris to the Nouveau Cirque. For a long time while she remained in Paris Kiralfy was after her with inducements to go to America, but her success seemed likely to be permanent in Europe and she hesitated, and

did not at all fancy the idea of a sea voyage and the cold of the United States. But finally Kiralfy's inducements prevailed, and he made a contract with her, and she came to America and appeared first in Antiope at Niblo's Garden.

It was not a favorable season for her advent, for that part of New York which is artistic and fashionable was out of town, but she was most warmly praised and enthused over by members of the press who saw her dance.

When the sculptors and artists and society people came back to the city Carmencita had been started on a tour through the States. Here she did not win the fame that she had won in other cities, for the Westerners failed to note the wonderful charms in her which the higher talent and keener vision of the metropolis have since discovered. But the Western press did not wholly fail to appreciate

her as can be seen from the following extracts copied from the San Francisco Daily Report and Chronicle, the Davenport Democratic Gazette and Tribune, and also one of the papers of Sacramento:

"Carmencita, the wonderful Spanish dancer, was greeted with rounds of applause and well did she deserve it. She danced in long skirts, and her dancing is of the genuine Spanish type as unlike the ordinary stage dancing as can well be imagined. Her performance is something that can't be described."

"The Sevillian dancer is a marvel of grace and brilliancy in her dances, which are full of the passionate and romantic abandon ascribed to her race. No Spanish dancer at all approaching her in rapidity, brilliancy, or gracefulness of pose has ever appeared here."

It was not until Carmencita stepped upon the boards in February last at

Koster & Bial's that she really made her American début.

Since that hour the pleasant sea of success has rolled her upon its topmost waves, and she has become the craze of the hour among artists, society people, and the multitude of ordinary lovers of amusement.

People drop into Koster & Bial's just to see her whirl, while it has become the "fad" among the fashionable set to make up a party and view her dancing from the private boxes.

A writer in Kate Field's Washington of April 30th, thus describes how it has become the "fad" to see Carmencita:

"Nothing but sheep! I refer to people. What do you suppose New Yorkers have been flocking after for the last six weeks or more? Carmencita! What's that? A woman. What sort of a woman? Spanish, born near Seville. What does she

do? Dance. Where? At Koster & Bial's in Twenty-third street, near Sixth avenue. When she first appeared in New York with Kiralfy last summer, this unique Andalusian was not appreciated. Artists and connoisseurs were out of town, and the great public did not know enough to discover her for themselves. Then Carmencita danced her way through the West, again without recognition. However, it's a long lane that has no turning, and now the Spanish dance is turning people's heads. It's Mrs. Langtry's case over again. When Mrs. Langtry first visited London, nobody looked at her. She was no prettier than anybody else. Later, she went up to town and met Frank Miles, the artist. He is the author of her being —— as a professional beauty. He invited people to meet her at his studio. Oscar Wilde went into heroics over her fine points; the Prince of Wales,

hearing all this fuss, asked for an introduction, and the lady's fortune was made. That's the way Carmencita has gained her clièntele here. Artists discovered her, John Sargent extolled her grace, Carroll Beckwith invited a number of friends to his studio to see her dance at the Sherwood, and the ball began to roll. Everybody at Beckwith's studio was so delighted—women no less than men—that Carmencita danced, and danced, and danced, and nobody went home until morning. "If she can dance at Beckwith's studio, why not in my drawing-room?" queried one fine lady, and lo! the sound of Carmencita's castinets was heard in swell houses. But everybody can't afford to pay for so much luxury, and society whispered, "Why not go to Koster & Bial's? There are rows of private boxes in the gallery. Let's make up parties and go." Thus the "fad" started, and now it's the thing to admit that

you've seen Carmencita, and you think she's "the most fascinating creature you ever laid your eyes upon."

Continuing, the same writer says:

"My introduction to Carmencita took place in Chase's studio, 57 West Tenth street, where a party of ladies and gentlemen were invited to meet Carmencita, who arrived at 11 P. M., after her appearance at Koster and Bial's. Mr. Chase's studio is delightful in every respect, its size being just right for the occasion. Such curios, such everything, as he has! But I must stick to Carmencita. An almost square rough cloth, large enough for a *pas seul*, was laid on the floor in front of a white canvass frame which served as a background. Four mandolin and guitar players, Spaniards, seated themselves on a sofa at the left of the frame, and then Carmencita entered, in a Spanish costume that descended to the ankle.

Carmencita's smile and teeth won friends

at once. Then there's a vim and an indescribable swagger—yes, that's the word—to her tread, that surprise and interest. Finally, when inspired by the music, which begins as she enters, she undulates, and twists and turns, and rises and falls, and stands in every possible position except on her head, and does steps not laid down by ballet masters, and altogether sets ordinary art at defiance. You understand why artists clap their hands and cry 'Brava! Bravisima?' and why John Sargent is painting her portrait. She's just the subject for his free and original brush and ought to inspire the best that is in him."

Carmencita undoubtedly has as many bones in her body as the rest of us; but so supple is she that she could give lessons to a kitten. Indeed, she's a sort of human kitten. She dances because nature made her to dance, She'd invent steps and movements, if she had nobody for

audience; she plays with poses as a kitten plays with a string. She is the embodiment, the passion, and occasionally the poetry of motion.

The leading daily newspapers have also devoted much space to describing her appearance, her life and her dancing, and even the magazines have most flatteringly noticed her, for the "Cosmopolitan Magazine" of January last, in an article entitled "Famous Beauties of America," gave a most charming picture of her as she is seen in the dance, and after extolling the beauty of her face and form, thus enthuses over her dance:

"And she *danced*. No steps that masters could teach her. No wiggling on iron toes down the length of the stage with coarse exposures. She wore modest skirts to her ankles; she was slender as a reed, and her slim feet, under whose insteps water would flow, were cased in satin slippers, whose high heels clicked with her

castanets. When the heart runs over with the first joy of love, soul and body yearn for wild motion, to spread wings for the stars, to cry, to leap, to run; and it was the ecstasy of life and movement that Carmencita danced.

In an interesting interview with her, interpreted by the author, for the "New York Herald," printed in the Sunday edition of April 20th, the following extract thus describes her character, appearance, and the revelations of her dance:

"In her drawing room she seems but a child, a plain, simple girl, with direct and unaffected ways—a sort of Spanish Yankee. There is no nonsense about her. Many shop girls in New York would attract as much attention in the drawing room or in a public conveyance. But when she begins to sing, or dance, or take part in a pantomime, either in a drawing room or on the stage, she is a revelation —a creature of passion and fire—a tor-

nado of wild, devastating poetry that carries everything before it. The remarkable feature of this psychological phenomenon is the secret power, 'magnetism, electricity, genius,' or whatever it may be called, that enables her to transform herself from a pretty little maiden into a tall, graceful woman—an undulating paragon of splendid beauty. She takes possession of managers, actors, auditors, doorkeepers, box office, and reigns a queen for the time being. Her entire performance, including an encore or two, does not exceed five or ten minutes. But her Spanish genius gets in its fine work during those minutes, and the vision she leaves continues to get mixed up with the brains, business and duty of a man for the next two weeks. How she does it no one knows. Hers is a gift of nature. It enables her to become the wonderful being that dances the wild, gypsy measures

seldom seen outside the mountains of Andalusia."

In the "Sunday World" of the same date Nell Nelson writes of her;

"In her quick, graceful and sinuous movements and ever-changing attitudes one loses sight of the technique of art and beholds a flexibility of body, an abandon of the physical that is perfectly astonishing. In the winding, quivering, snake-like motions when her lithe, little body bends, waves and furls one marvels at her endurance as well as grace."

An exceedingly well-written article in the "Sun" of Sunday, April 13th, raves of her in the following highly flattering manner:

"Her performance is made up of every quality the human body is capable of expressing: gracefulness, suppleness, strength, passion are all inbred in it with their fullest force, but all controlled by an individuality sufficiently striking to make

the spectator wonder occasionally whether he is fascinated with the dancer or the woman. She steps, or sways, or turns always with infinite charm, and the animating spirit is never lost to sight. The fires beneath show through every undulation of her body as clearly as in her blazing eyes. She is not hampered by the severe traditions of the old queens of the ballet whom our grandfathers worshipped. She permits herself to reach such a fervor and rapidity of style that would doubtless have made Taglioni wave her hand in rejection, yet grace never fails her. But in her most impassioned moments it is a certain dash and splendor of movement and the fire of an extraordinary personality that seizes upon the beholder's mind and leaves him thrilled, shaken and mystified with the power of their effect."

"She is the incarnate harmony of form and motion. She is art personified, not the art of the teacher of the ballet, but

the art of nature. Sculptors and painters gather around the tables of the concert hall to study the attitudes and movements of this marvelous maiden of Almeria as they would sit in their studios to note the beautiful points of a splendid model. As for the 400,000, the great mass of seekers after light amusement, they go without thought of high art, or anything except that Carmencita pleases them with something vivacious, unique and startling in its effect. They know they like her, even though they cannot explain their admiration according to the canons of artistic criticism."

"It is usually a few minutes before ten o'clock when Carmencita comes out each night on Koster & Bial's stage. Her act occurs in the middle of a burlesque play, and and the score of girls appearing in its rôles stand on each side of the platform. They are clad in tights and flaming draperies of Athenian pattern and their presence is a

fair back-ground for the lively young Spaniard, who suddenly fixes your whole attention by the entrancing salute that she always makes at her first flitting upon the stage. It is a flash from beaming eye, a smile woven upon delicately curved lips, a swan-like bending of the neck, a turn of the body, a poise superb with the grace of royalty. If the art of physical motion reaches any higher perfection than in her quiet and simple entrance, it has never been revealed in our eyes or perception. She descends the few steps at the back-ground and advances to the footlights with that superb pose, if we may call it so, and grace of movement that we can only attribute to some great master-piece of Phidias into whom there had been breathed the breath of life. She is dressed in a long and spangled gown covering a profusion of white petticoats. Her skirts reach almost to her ankles and you see only a bit of her stockings. Her shoes are

low, but their heels are like stilts. If you are seated a correct distance from the footlights the dancer seems like a brilliant, scintillating, elusive bird, fluttering with lightsome ease upon the stage. You see her wealth of jet black hair, her glorious eyes, whose dark depths well with liquid fire; you see the undulations of her figure, the gay colors of her dress and its decorations as she poses there, a brilliant type of Spanish womanhood. But this is only for a moment; she lingers as an orchid before it sways on the breeze, and then as the orchestra strikes into a slow, soft Spanish movement, she begins her dance. The *verve*, fire, rapture of her action are untranslatable; they cannot be painted with brush, nor told with pen. They thrill the artistic temperament, they satisfy the blasès who long for something new, they bewilder those to whom only the ordinary ballet may be understood. The extraordinary flexibility of this beau-

tiful creature's body, which writhes and twists, furls and floats, like a silken scarf guided, shaken, and flung by a spirit full of joyous abandon, quickens the athlete with a feeling akin to triumph—here he beholds a control of the physical with a grace that astonishes."

"They call her a dancer, but she is more than that. She is a splendidly formed, supple-jointed child of nature, whose every position, every motion, is the grace of freedom, a girl to whose blood the grapes of her own Spain have given the passion of wine, a girl to whom action is delight. At the theatre where she now appears, she is before the footlights for five minutes, but if she had her own way she would dance before an appreciative house for half an hour. Some nights she is in a gloriously exalted mood, and then she insists upon ten minutes. She says it is for herself as well as her spectators."

"When she begins one of her dances, she

rises upon her legs and lifts one foot. But soon every part of her body is in motion, and you seem more captivated by the swaying of her torso and head than the motions of her legs. She writhes and wriggles from toe-tips to the top of her black hair. She bends over until her hair almost touches her back; she crouches, she springs; she shakes off the whim of this set of movements and begins another, grasping the edges of her skirt and stepping proudly this way and that, until with a quick dash she is off in a bewildering whirl, in which you catch only a glimpse of just a little more pink stocking, and just a little more white petticoat, and then, while you wonder what eccentric phase she will show next, the music stops and she bows and disappears."

The "Johnnies" and the "chappies" have not caught on with Carmencita, perhaps because she does not want them, perhaps because she does not talk English, but

some of them are beginning to earnestly turn their attention to learning Spanish from a teacher, or purchasing a 'Spanish Made Easy.'

But she has many gentlemen callers who are not made up of the sort who usually tag after the goddesses of the ballet. They are men who would not give a fig for an ordinary dancer, but do want to talk with this extraordinary Spanish maiden and are willing to pay for the favor. Some of them are artists' friends with artistic longings. Often, too, there are rich fellows who have heard of the Carmencita craze, and are not satisfied with the glimpses they obtain of her through their opera glasses from the boxes, but want to study her closer behind the scenes, and converse with her through an interpreter if they do not understand Spanish, so as to know better exactly what kind of a girl she is of whom such extravagances have been uttered in

club and café, and wherever men meet to talk.

Nearly every moment of her time is occupied, for after the evening performance at the theatre is over, she attends midnight *soirées* and receptions at the studios of well known artists whose guests, before whom she is invited to dance, are made up from the *crême de la crême* of society.

It is usually one o'clock in the morning when Carmencita, with some of her Spanish friends as escorts, reaches her lodgings. She is up by ten o'clock, and at noon is at the studio of Sargent who is painting another picture of her.

He has already finished one that is on exhibition at the Academy and occupies the place of honor there.

One of the first pictures that came from the master hand of this famous artist and won for him the sincere and lavish praises of the critics, was that of a

Spanish maiden, and in painting the portrait of Carmencita, he feels as if his first love had come back to him.

After spending a few hours in Sargent's studio, Carmencita is on her way to dance at the house of some society leader, and from there goes to the home of some of her private pupils among the fashionable set, who pay exorbitant prices for lessons to learn to imitate the graceful steps of the beautiful danseuse.

All prudish barriers are swept aside during these lessons, and the stately apartments ring with merry peals of laughter at their feeble and awkward efforts to do as Carmencita does; for although the well-known movements, such as the waltz and quadrille, are executed by them with some pretense to grace, their best attempts to dance the unique steps and throw their bodies into the startling but beautiful poses shown by their

teacher, are so clumsy as to provoke the greatest merriment.

And when at last Carmencita leaves them, while they are wearied with their labored exertions, she is still as fresh and lively as if she had not danced at all.

For it is as natural for her to dance as for a fish to swim, and she declares that she "never tires of it," and it affords her a relaxation that nothing else does, and when she is not otherwise engaged, she is constantly inventing new steps or attitudes and sets of movements for her own amusement, as well as for that of her audience.

To show what a furore Carmencita has created among society women, and how she has become the most fashionable dissipation of the fashionable world with her dancing at receptions, in studios and her private lessons in this art, and with what a strong hold these terpsichorean achievements of hers have taken the fancy of the

younger and more Bohemian elements of the *beau monde* to get away from the humdrum monotony of ordinary amusements, we quote the following from the New York "Truth" of March 26th:

"A youthful matron is said to have boasted the other day that no chandelier was safe in a room where she went through her daily exercise, and it is a well-known fact that during that weary half hour after dinner, when ladies are left to their own devices, matches have been made in high-jumping and extraordinary exhibitions of skill and ability displayed. Upon the entrance of the men the contests cease—at least so the fair athletes say."

"Skirt dancing seems to be as enjoyable to the performer," states the same paper, "as it is fascinating to the spectator, and it is probable enough that at the Patriarchs and assemblies next winter, certain fair and accomplished members of the fashionable world may yield involun-

tarily to the temptations of a heavy kick, a Lind swivel, or a Carmencita can-can, before the amazed eyes of the McAllister himself."

"But," says the "Sun," of Carmencita, "whatever else may shock, Carmencita herself will not offend. She always wears long skirts, she is not a kicker, and in her dancing there is nothing of that coarse display to be seen in the ballet; nothing of that vulgarity manifested by some skirt dancers, nothing of the cheap, flashy, inartistic action of the usual concert hall figurante."

"She is just such a danseuse as Delsarte, the apostle of physical culture, would have made. She is not yet twenty-two years old, and Spain's hot blood coursing through her sculptured form has given her an individuality of honest artistic merit, which makes it unnecessary for her to stoop to the sensual in order to gain applause. She is not a dancer who wears

the forced smile and assumes the studied grace of the commonplace *première* since Elssler and Taglioni said farewell, but smile or no smile, the Spanish girl's face is a picture to look at long, and her very walk is a splendid phase of pure motion. If Carmencita were to fall down stairs, she would tumble with charming grace, and no two tumbles would be alike."

And so everywhere the beautiful Carmencita is winning golden opinions from the press, from her own profession, and from countless scores of admirers, and is dancing her way into all hearts, and will continue to do so as long as strength is given her to flit before an audience, while the remembrance of her wondrous art will linger in the memory as does the sweet perfume of roses even when they bloom no more, and will never be erased from its tablets, if one is to judge from the following extracts also generously laid

at her shrine as offerings of commendation by the press:

"Every movement displays the ardent passion of the sunny atmosphere of her native Spain, and she has become the greatest sensation of modern ballet."

"One hand at her wrist and the other daintily holding her long skirt, she is a picture of sensuous beauty, the like of which has rarely, if ever, been seen on any stage, and one never to be erased from the tablets of memory."

"It were worse than treason to imagine that these sinuous movements, so replete with a most wondrous grace, and made up from the Bôlero dances of Spain, and the passion poses of Persia, together with the beautiful, unique, and startling steps invented by the divine danseuse herself, can ever fade from the popularity they are now enjoying."

An Art contributed its voluntary offering to her genius in the words of a well-

known sculptor who said to her, "Among other dancers now, you are like a pearl amid sand."

But this child-woman phenomenon, who had power to thrill the heart of even the pleasure satiated Parisian, and awaken the most *blasé* man of the world from the feeling of *ennui* that has overtaken him, and would make even old King Solomon himself, we trow, if he was living now, revoke his declaration "that all was vanity, and there was nothing new under the sun," remains as simple in her tastes and longings amid all this flattery she receives, that is enough to turn even older and wiser heads than hers, as a little child. Her one greatest desire is to earn money, that she may send it home to her people in Spain, and when her task is done of winning new triumphs and fresh laurels, to return to the warm, sunny land where she was born,

> The land of sunshine and of love,
> The land of music and of dreams,

and under the burning splendor of its skies, accompanied by the musical playing of its fountains, the soft twangings of guitars and mandolins, and the click-clack rattling of castanets, dance solely for her own amusement and that of her own family, or perchance, for some stately dark-eyed caballero, who will devour her with his gaze from beneath his slouched sombrero, and thrill her heart as it has never been thrilled by the handsome, but calm, cold men of other countries, and win her promise to become his bride.

Dancing is a favorite amusement with the whole Spanish nation ; young and old equally engage in it with enthusiasm. Besides the dances belonging to other countries, the Spaniards have three that are purely national, namely, the *fandango*, the *bolêro*, and the *seguidilla*, and to give an idea of their passion for these dances in some parts of the country, if a person were to come suddenly into a church, or

a court of justice, playing the fandango or the bôlero, priests, judges, lawyers, criminals, audience, one and all, grave and gay, young and old, would quit their functions, and commence dancing.

And it is from this passionate dancing, loving race that Carmencita, the beautiful Spanish star, has risen on the terpsichorean horizon and reached its zenith, and as some glorious planet that

> Trails its burning splendor 'thwart the darkness of the sky,

and dazzles the beholder, and causes lesser stars to fade into insignificance beside it, so she among all other dancers shines preeminent.

And in closing this brief biography of her we can express no better wish for her than that she will continue to shine for many future years to come, and that the American stage will long and often be brightened by her glorious presence so full of magnetism, grace and beauty.

CARMENCITA AT THE BOSTON

Carmencita, the famous Spanish danc
gan her first engagement in this city
Boston Theatre, last evening, as the
particular star of Koster & Bial's Vau
Company. The house was filled to the
the patrons being chiefly of the sterne
and they were evidently in a state of
expectancy. The programme opened
John Le Clair, the fantasiast and equil
and he was followed by Dagmar and De
and Herbert Albini. The Spanish St
were the next feature, and their
music took at once with the audience.
they were recalled, and nothing but th
patience to see the great dancer preve
third encore.

Carmencita was warmly welcomed,
enthusiastically perhaps as the greetin
has been accustomed to receive in New
but gratifying nevertheless. The musi
furnished by the Spanish Students, an
redolent with echoes of Sunny Spain.
mencita began with "Sanjago," a
ing, willowy dance in which the
tions of the body formed as
a feature as the movement of her fe
was in fact something of a revelation in
ing to Boston, and its poetry and p
heightened by the piquancy of the han
dancer and the click of the castanets,
the nature of a surprise. This was sho
the rather feeble applause which follow
dance, the spectators being a trifle b
ered.

For an encore she gave "La Cach
and then the audience began to wake u
and fro the woman whirled, with the
ness of a swallow, twisting her lithe bod
graceful contortions, and at the close
was a burst of applause. Again she resp
to repeated calls, and danced "El Bolero
vitation to the bull fight), and the enthu
reached a still greater height. Carmen
a dancer that must be seen several times
appreciated. Her dancing is a novelty
city, but it is the perfection of grace an
sion that has a peculiar charm.

The remainder of the entertainmen
devoted to the Barra troupe and the
schau brothers. The engagement is f
present week only.

The Spanish dancer is so interesting just now to every one, especially in society, that it may be interesting to know that Carmencita, in her dancing togs, is not like an ordinary ballet girl. Her skirts are long and reach nearly to her ankles. There is a rich profusion of lace and muslin petticoats, but the dress itself is very scant, and her heels are miniature stilts. One of her favorite gowns is of pink satin, the upper part made in a square jacket worn over a full bodice. A huge bunch of flowers is worn just below her waist, and would look ungainly on many, but seems to be just the thing to add to Carmencita's chic. She is fond of all these pretty gewgaws, the sequins and spangles and laces, and they seem to be necessary to her as a Spanish setting. She is a very distinguished looking girl off the stage, not more than twenty-two. Her eyes are the gleaming jet black orbs that do not need the black circles which she insists upon artificially producing underneath in order to assert their beauty. Her hair is so thick and bushy on top of her head that it stands out in a loose pompadour with little urging. In the back it is braided and has the end caught underneath, and is otherwise unbound. Her face is pale and by way of coloring it has only the reflection of the bright tints in her gowns. She is fond of black for ordinary dresses, but, curiously enough, wears cream-colored slippers on her feet. Only a woman with small and pretty feet would venture upon such audacity; but, as a natural consequence, the eyes of her observers travel quickly toward the edge of her dress. It is not easy to talk with Carmencita. She speaks Spanish as a person should who was born in Spain, but her English and French vocabulary is confined to "How do you do?" and "Goodby." She has quite a matter-of-fact air and the composure of a nun.

Boston Theatre: Carmencita and Ot

Carmencita came, capered and conq
Monday night, when the Boston Theatre
numerous host of spectators who were
to enthusiasm by the bewildering move
of the light-footed dancer. This bewilde
was more than momentary, for on subse
reflection one is still perplexed to dete
the reason of her great reputation. Con
with other great dancers who have bee
here, she impresses neither by a surp
grace nor exceptional skill in saltation.
to be remembered, however, that the
stage-dancing is not taught in this coun
made a subject of study by connoisseu
is in Europe. Consequently, as in some
branches of art, it is only the difficult
astonishing features that move us, as
Carmencita, for all most of us can know
be giving us the characteristic dances
Peninsula, exactly in accordance with t
tional traditions. Whether it be a
cha or a bolero her "method," to borro
convenient term of voice teachers, seem
pretty nearly the same. The steps are si
the pirouettes are of uniform pattern, t
always the peculiar toss backward of the
there are "phrases" for walking on her to
at odd moments the snap of castanets is
A very distinct and peculiar charm
woman's dancing is the steadiness
rhythm; a pendulum could hardly be
true; and it may be that this is, unconsci
the cause of her wonderful popularity.
rhythmic beauty, however, is not a
plished at the cost of variety of move
which is incessant, or of liveliness and e
which are constant. On the whole, sh
dancer to study by anyone who recognize
dancing is an art—the oldest of arts, for
the dance sprang music, and after music
was born. "In the beginning was rhythm
Hans Guido von Bülow.

Carmencita gave two dances in imm
order and, loudly recalled, added another
was accompanied by a group of players
"The Spanish Students," eight p
one of whom is a graceful vi
another uses a violoncello, and the r
der play mandolins and guitars.

-Ald. Flood, Keenan, Leary, Lee, Sulli-
6.
WIS calling for the yeas and nays—yeas
order was rejected in non-concurrence.
nfidence in Boston's City Council, and I
on the great mass of the people will
so long as we have a Common Council
Let the Legislature decide that, but I
Give them $300 or $500, just as you
the councilmen a salary. I say they
had men." As regards the question of
ple at the mercy, perhaps, of a small
ing them in a small body and leaving
in any way the powers of government

Carmencita's New [illegible]ne.

The other first night [illegible]ttracted men about town was at Koster & Bial's. Ted Solomons has written a burlesque called "The Dumb Girl of Seville," especially for Carmencita. The charming Spanish dancer speaks no English, but she is bright, graceful and piquant, and she made a decided hit as an actress. The burlesque is clever, the music catchy and the costumes are something gorgeous to behold. Carmencita appeared in a Spanish dress of black satin, heavy with gold lace and embroidery, and Jennie Joyce revealed her statuesque beauty to an admiring public in a costume of white satin and silver, blazing with Rhine stones. She appeared as a brigand chief, and there were a gross of assorted dudes who yearned to be captured by this fascinating bandit. The Carmencita rage has given Koster's a tone which it did not have before. It is quite the thing to drift in there, and smoke a cigar and absorb a beer during the evening. The show is always amusing, frequently artistic, and the man about town is moderately certain of meeting a lot of fellows he knows.

I much fear that Otero, the other Spanish dancer, is, figuratively speaking, in the soup. People are going to the Eden Musee to see her, but she has not the society backing that is enjoyed by Carmencita. She is not the quiet, demure damsel that her rival is. She looks upon the wine when it sparkles, and makes friends with the boys, the result of which is that she does not get invited to dance at Tuxedo, and Mrs. Astor knows her not. Carmencita's society pull is something prodigious, and her private entertainments have added not a little to her income. Otero, on the other hand, goes out to suppers, and, worst of all, she is a divorcé. Now a man may be divorced and still go into the very best society. It does not hurt his social standing much to appear as co-respondent in divorce proceedings. But if a woman is divorced, even if she be the injured party, her name is, to use the vernacular, "Dennis H. Mud." Otero appeared as a dancer and singer; and Carmencita "saw her" and has appeared as an actress. At the present writing Carmencita is ahead in the game.

ALLAN FORMAN.

KING OF SPAIN ADMIRED HER.

Otero, V

OTERO.

THE abdominal elasticity of these writhing ladies from Spain is the feature to be noted above all else in a mention of their dancing. Otero, who swirled into the Eden Musee last week with the accidental gyrativeness of a column of smoke, expresses more with her flexile frontage than most women can in an eight page letter. It speaks in its flutterings of maddening joys, of a perfect sympathy, of a love that consumes. She and Carmencita are poetesses from the point of their busts down to their shoe tops. Shelley and Byron carried their sublime fire in their eyes. These Spanish women wear theirs in a sputtering girdle about their waists.

The goddess of Koster & Bial's is full of rampant coils. She snaps her head like a snake, and if y rattle. Otero is a gentler placidity, with only the gi ing of the passion within. tion that is just a little bi her rival accomplishes. S wax figures in the outer pull their rivets out of the feet to the tinkle of the m

Otero satisfies the sens two together make Twent any man who is not th stability line.

COULD K

H

They did who wal Kessler, ly conce intensel able, the with th honest a

The gi years of has seen much of life. Alfonso, King of Spain, tried to capture

OTERO AND THE CZAR.

Once Expelled by Him From Russia, She Now Returns in Splendid Style.

Most persons who remember the first mania for Spanish dancing some four years ago have not forgotten Otero. After she left New York she appeared in Berlin, Paris, Vienna, and Budapest. In all four cities she was known as the diamond queen, because her neck, wrists, and bodice were ablaze with gems whenever she danced. The German newspapers gave her and her diamonds columns of free advertising, but stopped short when informed that she had sold all her gems at auction for $57. The sale took place in Budapest about two years ago; the purchaser was a Hungarian soubrette. From that time until late in last month little was heard of Otero. Three weeks ago, however, this paragraph went the rounds of the Berlin and Vienna dailies:

"We hear from Madrid: One of the celebrities who has come into public notice in connection with Alexander III.'s death and burial in St. Petersburg is our fellow country woman, Carolina Otero. She was expelled from Russia long ago because at a stag party given by a Grand Duke she gave a too life-like representation of 'Truth,' that is, she appeared in the costume of Eve before the fall. As is well known, she has been the favorite of whole families of princes and noblemen.

"After the Czar's funeral she took it for granted that the order expelling her from Russia would become a dead letter, and she started for St. Petersburg. In itself her journey would have passed unnoticed had not she herself made it a topic of the times by carrying it out with royal and theatrical splendor. Miss Otero rode away from Paris in a special train consisting of a hotel car, a first-class carriage, and a baggage van. The train was to stop only for changes of locomotives.

"This piece of amusement, which cost some $22,000, was paid for by the present admirer of the Spanish beauty. He is a half-crazy English lord who wastes his time and millions in Paris. The friends of Carolina Otero fear that she will be sent back from St. Petersburg as swiftly as she went there."

CARMENCITA ON A CHARIOT.

Attired in White Silk and Drawn by Handsome Men.

A Dazzling Scene at the Ball in Honor of the Spanish Dancing Girl in New York—Music, Popping Corks and Clinking Glasses—Society People Who Were in the Garden.

[SPECIAL DISPATCH TO THE BOSTON HERALD.]

NEW YORK, Jan. 30, 1891. A few men stood in a group on the floor of the amphitheatre of the Madison Square Garden a little after 8 o'clock tonight looking at the picture which the vast place presented.

Above them, on the curved and radiating trusses of the iron roof, gleamed 4000 electric lamps. They shed a light almost as intense as that of an afternoon sun.

The immense floor, level from one end of the oval to the other, gleamed like a mirror. Its 30,000 square feet of surface were smooth almost to slipperiness with 4000 pounds of wax, and at the centre rose a platform, draped with red and orange. It looked for all the world like the platform upon which a slugging match was to take place. Ropes ran around its edges, and it stood almost exactly over the spot where in the days of the old Madison Garden, Sullivan and Mitchell met for battle.

But it was for no fight between men; it was for nothing that any man should do that the great amphitheatre was lighted up so magnificently. Rather it was for something that a woman had done, and that a woman would do. Her name has been on the tongue of New Yorkers for many months, and throughout all the United States the story has gone of what she is and of what she does. Her name is Carmencita, and she is a dancing girl from Spain.

Tonight a ball was given in her name and in her honor, and the biggest ball room in New York city was filled almost to its greatest capacity by those who had seen and many who never had seen the much talked of woman of the stage.

It was a most curious mixture of social elements. Cornelia was there with her attendants, and so was Sappho with hers. Tiscions of swelldom rubbed elbows that were clad in broadcloth against men who wore short coats and high hats. Young girls who never go away from their homes unless attended by chaperones or maids sat in one box, and girls whose breakfasts are eaten late in the afternoon sat in another.

As early as 8:30 o'clock a great throng of ticket holders stood on Madison avenue, at the main entrance. It was not until half an hour later that the doors were opened. The first 300 persons to enter were women. They came alone and in groups of two, three and four. Not one of them was accompanied by a man. When the men began to arrive, they found they would be forced to submit to a petty swindle or remain outside. They had already paid $5 each for tickets, but they had to pay

$1 a Head Extra for Hat Checks,

and $6 extra for hat checks for each box.

There was a tremendous crowd of people squeezed in the entrance hall, and out in Madison avenue the jam reached up and down for a block.

They were all indignant at the treatment, and it looked as if some of the men angered at the mismanagement would lead an attack against the ticket takers.

The delay in getting people into the hall necessitated a delay in the beginning of the programme of the night. It had been announced that Carmencita would make her appearance at 10 o'clock. It was precisely one hour later, when the sound of music from a band of Germans, dressed in the costume of Spanish dragoons, was heard announcing the coming of the queen of the evening.

Every eye was turned toward the portieres, behind which those who were to take part in the procession stood. The leader of the band gave a signal, and in a moment stepped out on the floor. A burst of applause came from every part of the house.

Behind the yellow-coated musicians stepped a tall young man carrying aloft a banner inscribed with the name "Carmencita." Then followed boys and girls in the garb of Spanish peasants, young women with dark faces wearing picturesque garments of gypsys, and after them came other Spaniards such as one might see in Grenada, Barcelona and Madrid.

Another herald and standard bearer stepped along with pages, Spanish students, senoras and senoritas, dancing girls and bull fighters following.

At the very end of the procession came Carmencita. She sat high upon a chariot drawn by eight costumed men, with five pretty girls walking on each side by the wheels.

Carmencita was dressed in a gown of white silk, covered with lace and gold. Upon her head she wore a white mantilla. In one hand she carried a fan of ostrich feathers, and with the other she held upon her lap an immense bouquet of red and white roses.

There were nearly 200 men and women and girls in the procession, and they were stretched out so as to extend entirely along one side of the garden, so that while the musicians were stepping by the Madison avenue entrance Carmencita was just appearing at the opposite end of the amphitheatre.

The sight of her was a signal for loudest applause. The procession wound around the hall twice, and then went up the centre toward the dancing platform. The variegated column broke

into fragments, and then massed its about the platform. Carmencita's char was drawn to its side, and, stepping from l seat, she found herself upon the tempora stage, with the audience still applauding.

Her White Mantilla Fluttered

to the floor, and she stood still for a secor her bare arms extended wide, her body ben little back, and one foot forward. From t galleries and boxes and tiers of seats can a burst of admiration for this gracef peasant queen, in her gauzy, spangled skirt with the proud, almost insolent smile on h face.

Quickly her pose changed. There was burst of music. She had bowed, and wa walking about her narrow aren with a swinging, graceful step, i which her head, the flowers i her hair, the spangles of her gown, ever muscle and limb seemed to unite to form pe fect grace.

Then the strains of the "Carchucha" bega and Carmencita took fire. She pirouetted o tiptoe. Her body bent forward un til her head nearly touched th floor; back until it nearly touche the floor again; sideways, in circles her feet moving all the while, her skirt flashing and fluttering, her arms swaying an curving. Now the dance was slow, an again it was a mad whirl.

Again the procession marched and agai Carmencita danced, and again and agai Then they took away the platform and th floor was soon crowded with promenaders.

Then the ball began.. There were sounds of popping corks and sounds of clinking glasses. There was loud "untrammelled" laughter of women, and there was music o the best, and everything to make people for get what a nasty time they had at the outer gate where the hat checks had to be bought.

And Carmencita watched it all, and felt that there was no society queen who had ever had the right to such a glow of ecstatic joy as she, the dancing girl from far away Spain, the Pearl of Seville.

Among those present in the boxes were Mrs. Lewis C. Ledyard, Mr. and Mrs. Cooper Hewitt, Mr. and Mrs. Fernando Yznaga, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Cary, Mrs. Frederic Neilson, Mrs. Dunlap Hopkins, Mr. and Mrs. William Jaffray, Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, Mrs. Kernochan, Sir Roderick Cameron and a party, Fred Gebhard, Creighton Webb, Elisha Dyer, Jr., Ollie Teal, Alderman Fred Conkling, William Turnbull, Jr., Frank Appleton.

SHE DANCED AND WON.

Carmencita, with Spanish Students and Specialists, at the Boston.

"Arms and the woman I sing."

Carmencita may not be what the average spectator's anticipations have painted, but she is certainly an interesting study.

Dreams of sensuous, palpitating beauty floating like thistle down on voluptuous waves of music, may entertain the imaginative mind, but Carmencita is different.

She is a bounding, buxom romp, mistress of the gestic art, "liberal of feet and lavish of her hands," a holiday timed by music.

Stripped of her supposed poetry, and invested with voluminous hoopskirts, blue and gold gown, diamonds and an undertow of fleecy clouds through which blue stockings dart, she is like this:

A hoydenish girl of old Iberia, overflowing with animal spirits, posturing, pirouetting and curveting before a mirror, for her own pleasure and nobody else's.

The spectators are an accident in her method. True she looks at them, but there is no speculation in those shiny black eyes—unless it is an estimate of the number of dollars in the house. She throws kisses, but it is evidently a part of the routine.

She is a creature of system and a most admirable one it is. She is a thorough athlete, as every movement shows.

To all the skill of the ballet dancers that America has before known she adds the charm of frolic.

She bends far forward in a cramped attitude, while she moves by heel and toe across the front of the stage.

Crouching, she swings head and bust round fast and forcibly, with the waist as a pivot.

She prances like a mettlesome horse. Then she pretends to ride him.

She becomes a whole comic opera chorus. You can imagine her as the chorus, tripping up and surrounding the mysterious hero who is about to tell a wondrous tale.

Then she does some more romping to music. Her castanets are always clicking. They emphasize every gesture. Her head is tossing, her black hair tumbling and shaking, her eyes glittering, her bosom is heaved upward as easily as her strong plump arms are whirled and wreathed. Every inch of her is dancing. Her sinewy legs, modestly enough concealed, stamp and spring.

Her footwear has no heels. She has reason to disdain such artificial aid, for she rises and sinks from heel to tiptoe as easily as the bobolink teeters on an oat stalk.

SITUATION wanted—Carriage woodworker wants situation in carriage, cabinet, furniture, piano or other light wood-working business, or any honorable employment; temperate; good references. Sudler* d27

SITUATION wanted—A young married man to drive a team of some kind; have had 15 years' experience on a baker's team; can give good references if required. T. A. F. GERRING, 164 Bridge st., Salem, Mass.

SITUATION wanted; a middle-aged American widow lady desires a situation as housekeeper or companion in widower's family; best of references if required. P. O. B., box 218, Wyoberegon.

IN A FOREIGN TONGUE.

A CHAT WITH CARMENCI

The "Post" Man Has an Interv That Requires Three Different Languages.

HER OPINION OF BOSTON AUDIEN

She Tells About Her Dances and I She Composes Them and the Physica Fatigue They Entail—Her New Dance to Be Given Tonight.

In the star's dressing room just off ..age of the Boston Theatre, last even ..t a handsome young woman, warm panting as if from robust exercise, her black hair falling around her graceful sho ..ers, and the roses with which her tresses been decorated, were fast dropping to pi Her costume was of rich white silk, hem with gold, and cut in the style one see portraits of famous Spanish women. It Carmencita and she had just come from stage where she had been delighting the l audience with her wonderful dancing of Bolero." As the POST man entered the r the lady looked up with a pleasant smile motioned him to a seat.

Then began a most curious interview. mencita can understand English fairly but her vocabulary of the language is lim She speaks French fluently, and Spanis course is her native tongue. Fortunatel the POST man there was a Spanish interpreter present, and, although the newspaper man had some knowledge of French, there were times when the Spanish gentleman's assistance was called into play. There was, however, little difficulty experienced. Carmencita has a bright, animated face, with an expression even more pleasing than when she is before the footlights, and having come from a very flattering reception, she was in the best of spirits.

"The Boston people!" she said in a combination of the three languages, "they are delightful. They have told me they were cold and unfeeling, but they are full of life; they show their feelings even as well as New York people. They have given me a kind welcome as they did last winter, and I shall not believe again when they say the people have no sympathy.

"My dances? Yes, I compose them all myself and they are very fatiguing as you can see. The Spanish dance has much movement of the body and this last, "El Bolero" is very tiring. I rest very quickly however, for I have danced so much I am used to it, but I feel the fatigue a great deal for a few minutes.

"I have a new dance, which I give tomorrow night. It is called "La Petinera," and it was very popular in New York. It is full of life and motion, and I hope it will please here."

"You speak English very well," observed the POST man. "Was it difficult to learn?"

This was a little too much language for the pretty dancer to understand all at once, so she turned an inquiring look to the interpreter. The POST man quickly repeated the question in French, which she comprehended at once, even if the pronunciation was not the purest Parisian.

"I do not speak much English," she replied, in the same triple tongue, "but I understand well most everything. It is not so difficult to hear, but it is hard to say. I am learning all the time, for I want to know more about it. Come tomorrow night and see my new dance."

It is not difficult to understand the charm and attraction Carmencita has created wherever she has appeared. Even in repose her movements are full of natural grace, and her well-poised head is carried with dignity. Her face is devoid of color, even after the exercise of dancing, and the creamy complexion is more noticeable from contrast with her luxuriant hair, which is intensely black. Her hands are small and shapely, and her features are those of the nigher style of Spanish women. When she speaks her face lights up, and she becomes the picture of animation. As the POST man rose to go she said in the prettiest French, in which there was the daintiest of Spanish accents:

"Bon soir, Monsieur, venez ici demain."

"Avec plaisir, Signorita, bon soir," returned the POST man, with a mighty effort.